

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 450,000 Copies Sold Every Week

August 2, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission  
by post as a newspaper.

PUBLISHED IN  
EVERY STATE

PRICE

3d



**The Digger Hat**





# SWITZERLAND...oldest republic



GENERAL GUISAN, chief of Swiss Army.

This month the Swiss will celebrate 650th anniversary of foundation

By

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



DR. ERNST WETTER, President of Switzerland.



GENEVA, chief city of French-speaking Switzerland, is fourth largest city of the republic, site of the League of Nations Palace.

Switzerland, oldest republic in the world and only democratic republic left in Europe, celebrates this Friday (August 1) the 650th anniversary of its foundation.

On that day Swiss nationals throughout Australia will gather to remember their homeland, giving thanks that their country's 400-year-old pledge of neutrality still holds good in these precarious days.

**T**HIS neutrality, proclaimed in the 16th century, guaranteed by the Powers at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and again guaranteed as late as the outbreak of the present war, has not been an easy policy to maintain.

To their fortunate geographic situation among the highest mountains of Europe the Swiss have had to add considerable diplomatic tact.

Tact, however, is a quality necessarily inherent in a nation which manages to weld peoples speaking four different languages—German, French, Italian, and Romansch (a

Romanic tongue)—within the confines of 16,000 square miles.

A heritage of common problems, sturdily overcome throughout the centuries since the legendary days of William Tell, in the 13th century, has combined these people of different tongues into a democratic whole.

Since that day in 1291, when the three districts (cantons) of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden federated to withstand the domination of the Hapsburgs, and proclaimed an Everlasting League, until to-day, when the three cantons have grown to 22, they have upheld the prin-



STRIKING PICTURE of the Matterhorn, famous peak on the Swiss-Italian frontier, beautifully reflected in a Swiss lake.

ciples of freedom and independence.

Swiss liberty was proverbial centuries ago.

And possibly Hitler remembers that Napoleon said "Nature destined Switzerland to become a league of States. No wise man would attempt to conquer it."

In peacetime 10 per cent. of Switzerland's income came from its tourist trade.

Travellers from all over the world flocked to its glorious lake and alpine scenery, went back to the ends of the earth bearing edelweiss, the highly-colored postcards of blue lake and snow-capped peak to affirm to friends that "it really looks like that."

A highly industrialized nation, its living standard was yet one of the highest in Europe, its social services equal to any.

To-day, the night comes down in velvety blackness, where the tourist steamers used to flit like fireflies across the lovely lakes.

The great hotels are empty. The makers of wooden toys no longer sell their wares to parents from San Francisco to Sydney.

For though not in active combat, the little Swiss nation endures many of the rigors of war.

The army of 500,000 is mobilized, the black-out is maintained, and clothes and many articles of food are rationed.

With the Axis watching exports closely, and the Allies keeping a wary eye on imports, the Swiss, who in normal times import a fourth of their food requirements, have had to increase agricultural production enormously.

Seven hundred thousand acres of park land and swamps have been cultivated and reclaimed.

The time-honored joke about the Swiss Navy has lost its point, for this year Switzerland acquired its first ship.

This year the Calanda, first ship to fly the Swiss flag, began to carry cargoes between Genoa and New York, and the Swiss Government has been negotiating for the purchase of other vessels.

The gallery of world-famous Swiss is a varied one. It was in Geneva that Calvin first spread his sternest of the Protestant creeds. Geneva, too, nurtured Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose doctrines in part brought about the French Revolution.

Hans Holbein, famous painter, was a Swiss. So was Cesar Ritz, of hotel fame—and so was Madame Tussaud!

But the Swiss are probably proudest to recall in these days that the man who founded the Red Cross, Henri Dunant, was one of their countrymen.

As headquarters of the international Red Cross, Switzerland serves as a clearing-house for the activities of the greatest humane institution of the world to-day.

Its situation and its permanent neutrality make Switzerland the choice for headquarters of many of the world's endeavors towards international standards and agreements—best known, of course, was the ill-fated League of Nations.

That international flavor has also had its disadvantages to the Swiss, for it has long been a favorite haunt of spies.

Continual vigilance is necessary to curb their activities.

Mussolini, in his early days in and out of prisons, was once finger-printed in Geneva. It is said he has never forgiven the Swiss, and hates them bitterly.

But the Swiss, as onlookers in this war, are probably not very perturbed about that.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR F. EGGLESTON

... to China

"If I can interpret Australia and China to each other something will have been done towards securing equilibrium in the Pacific," says Sir Frederic Eggleston, first Australian Minister to China.

Keen student of international affairs, Sir Frederic has published several works on Australia's position in the Pacific. He served with the first A.I.F.



MRS. ELINK SCHUURMANN

... for Dutch Government

REPRESENTATIVE of the Dutch Government travelling with the Dutch hospital ship Oranje is Mrs. T. Elink Schuurmann, wife of the Consul-General in Australia for the Netherlands Government, which has presented the ship to the Australian and New Zealand Governments.

She will distribute comforts to the soldiers and look after their general welfare.



SIR ROBERT GARRAN

... Lieder hobby

TRANSLATION of classical song cycles into English is the hobby of Australia's Sir Robert Garran, K.C., world authority on constitutional law. "I have always believed that the classical Lieder would be better appreciated by English-speaking audiences if sung to a translation worthy of words and setting," he says.

Famous Lieder singers claim that Sir Robert's translations retain all the feeling and poetry of the originals.

## ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

End Tiredness & Pain With

# Zam-Buk

**H**OW many thousands say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking—shopping, housework, out at work, or on A.R.P., or other National duty—all are liable to cause weary, painful feet. Therefore, be sure your hard-working feet have regular attention with Zam-Buk.

First bathe your feet every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

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1/7 or 3/8 a box.

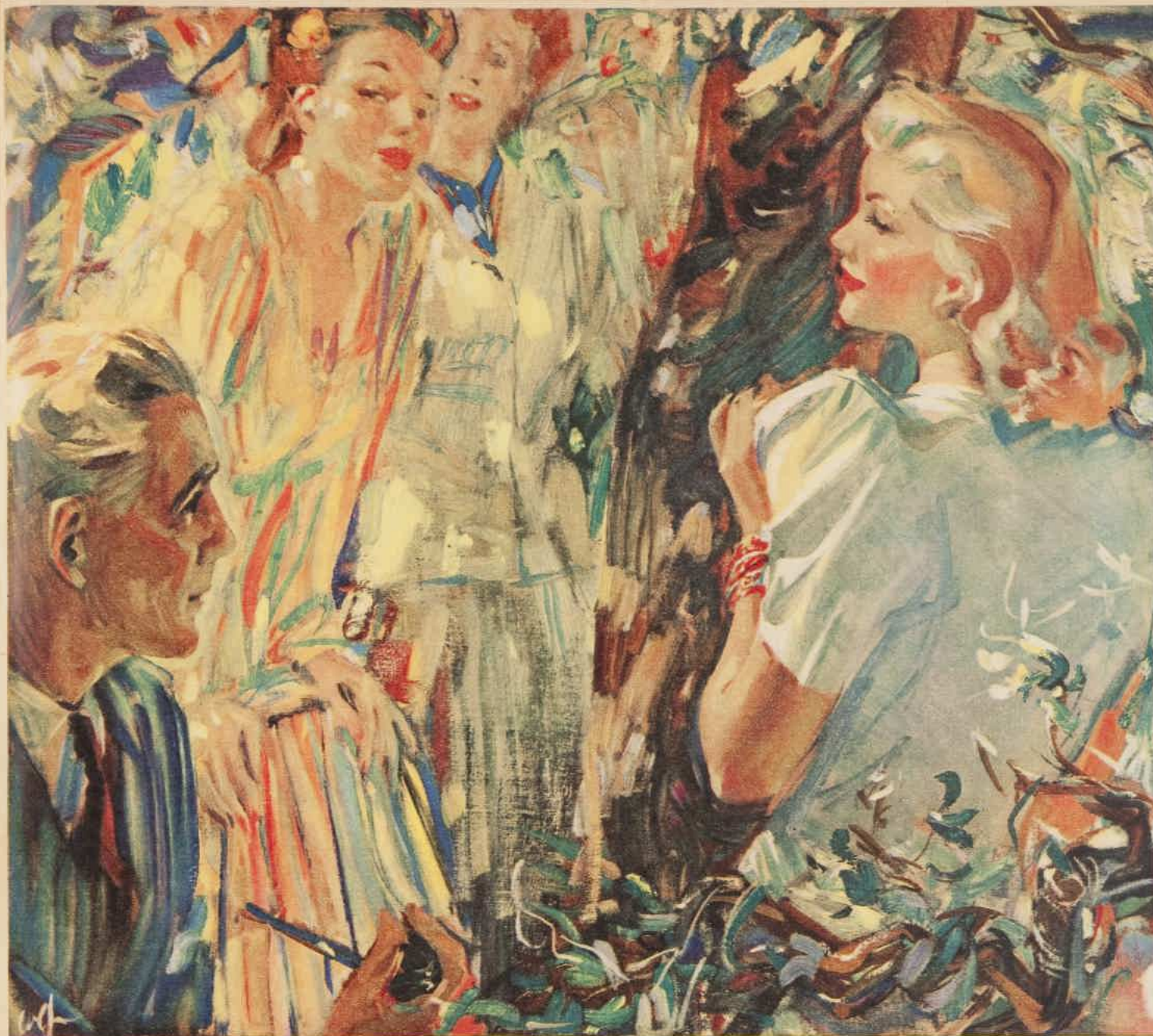


Navy, Army or Air Force  
Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



## Use ZAM-BUK Regularly





Greig and Donna stood looking at each other, silent and entranced.

## WONDERFUL WOMAN

**Life had hurt her cruelly, so she thought that by hurting back she could comfort her wounded heart.**

CAROLINE'S secretary brought in the letters, and put them on the desk in front of her, waiting while she signed them, admiring, as she stood there, her chief's well-groomed beauty.

Because she was nineteen, and to nineteen thirty-two seems an unconscionable age, she thought: She's wonderful, really wonderful for her age.

Caroline glanced up, and the girl's frankly admiring glance gave her a little warm wave of well-being. It was the same feeling that being with Greig Wilson gave her when he looked at her, and said: "You're really wonderful, Carol. I've met competent women and charming women, but never one who combined both charm and efficiency quite so successfully."

She had begun to need that feeling of well-being. Her job, which for five years had meant so much to her, somehow began to mean very little. It was something she had conquered, and there was no zest left in it. Not that she slacked off: the advertising department of Privo's big West End store ran on oiled wheels.

But Caroline found herself dreaming of things she had never wanted before, and wondering, with a little cold feeling of dismay, whether she would ever get them now. Companionship, perhaps love. To meet someone who could give her these things.

Not Phillip Denver, Phillip was too rich, too great a friend, she had known him too long. Polished, courtly, good-looking man of experience. He was too old. No, that wasn't fair; he was only five years older than herself. But he wasn't young inside like she was. There was a foolish, wild, youthful impetuosity hidden away in her composed exterior. She wanted to slough off that polished exterior, as a snake casts its skin, and be young again.

And then she'd met Greig. He was twenty-six, blue-eyed, tall, laughing. He'd brought some sketches and layouts for her to see and they were very good. She'd put nearly all their non-photographic work into his hands. He'd not been a bit in awe of her, had teased her a little—asked her to dine with him at their second meeting, and then taken her to a weird Turkish restaurant, instead of taking her, gleamingly

gowned, to the Ritz, as Phillip would have done.

Meeting Greig had made life gay and adventurous.

Two days ago, calling for her at her flat, he'd kissed her. A light kiss, casual enough, but his first, and so not casual to her.

And now, to-day, she was seeing him again. They were going down to her cottage for the week-end. She'd chosen the party very carefully. Four of them. Marion Crawshaw, who'd been at school with her, although she was some years older, and who ran one of the most exclusive and expensive beauty parlors in Mayfair. Phillip. And Greig.

She'd told Marion about it, and Marion had raised her brows.

"Six years, my dear," she'd said candidly and cruelly. "Bit of a gamble, I think. Considering a

romance, idyllic as it was, has no bearing on the present day. Personally, with Phillip Denver's hand and heart at your disposal for the past five years, I think you're crazy."

For the past five years. That was true. She'd been twenty-seven, his secretary, when he'd first asked her to marry him. But she'd been ambitious then. Marriage, even the socially important job of being married to Phillip, had seemed an end to aspiration. He'd taken her refusal with his usual easy, tactful charm. An impenetrable armor, that charm of Phillip's—no one had any idea what he felt or suffered behind it. It would have been against his concepts of the meaning of love and good taste to upset her by taking her refusal badly.

"But I'm not having you around here tormenting me, Caroline," he'd said. "We'll have to find scope for that ambition of yours. D'you mind

Caroline glanced up at her young secretary. "That will be all, Miss Alday—I'm leaving in about fifteen minutes."

"Going into the country, Miss Graham?" the young secretary asked politely. She had seen photos of the lovely thatched-roof cottage where Caroline spent her week-ends.

"Yes, I'm staying until Monday midday. I feel I need a break, now the sales are fairly launched." She smiled her swift, bright, captivating smile. The telephone rang. "See who that is."

The secretary bent and lifted the receiver, then handed it to Caroline. "Mr. Denver," she said briefly, and collecting up the letters went out of the office.

"Oh, hello, Phillip," said Caroline, smiling into the receiver.

"Hallo," Phillip's deep, warm voice came over the wire, "I'm leaving the office. Where shall I pick you up, Caroline?"

"At home. And, oh, Phillip, there's another guest to bring down. Greig Wilson. D'you mind?"

"Not at all. Do I know him?"

"I don't think so," Caroline tried in vain to keep her voice cool and casual, to stop the little waves of excitement running up to the surface. "He's new. I've known him about four months. He does our advertisements. He's nice. I don't think you'll be bored."

The voice at the other end was suddenly amused, and deeply tender. "Don't worry, my dear. I won't criticise my rival. I won't dare."

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By MARY HOWARD

woman is always five years older mentally than a man of her own age."

"But it does work out," protested Caroline, vehemently. "Sometimes. Look at the Brownings."

"Why does every woman who is in love with a man several years younger than herself quote the Brownings?" said Marion impatiently. "The Brownings were poets of the romantic age, their

if I propose to you now and then? Christmas, your birthday? Perhaps on Bank holidays? You might give in from sheer exasperation."

He'd found her a job at Privo's where there was scope for her ability and ambition. She'd worked hard, and justified his belief in her; but sometimes in his presence, feeling his disturbingly keen grey eyes on her, she wished that she liked him more, or that he loved her less.





## BRIEF RETURN

**Dramatically, our mystery serial reaches an exciting climax, as the police make a sudden, sensational arrest.**

**S**UPPOSEDLY killed in a plane crash twelve months previously, BASIL HOULT turns up again one evening at his home, Tenacres, to the consternation of ALICE, his wife, who has now remarried; JENNY SHORE, her sister; and MISS MARY CHACE, who has inherited his estate. But that night Miss Mary finds him in the grounds, murdered.

She and Jenny try to conceal the murder and the facts of Basil's return, but DR. TOM TUCKER learns the truth, and calls in the police.

Investigating the case, SUPERINTENDENT BATES and SERGEANT WALTERS rigorously cross-examine the household and their friends, ALASTAIR EVANS and RODNEY and CYNTHIA LOVE-DAY. Further complications in the case are Alice's sudden disappearance, leading the family to believe that she has gone to America to her husband, ROBERT BLAKE; a conflicting story told by COLLINS, a night watchman; and the startling murder of MARION SMITH, a telephonist.

Jenny, meanwhile, is upsetting Miss Mary by her aloofness, and eventually she declares to Miss Mary and Tom that she tried to shoot Basil, but couldn't. Anxiously, Tom begins questioning her once again about the whole affair.

Now read on—

"**W**HERE were you when you heard the shot?" Tom asked.

"In Alice's room," said Jenny.

"Where was Alice?"

"She'd already gone. She wasn't there and I—"

"Good heavens," exploded Tom, losing his hard-held patience, "do you mean to say that all the time I was trying to persuade you to call her—"

He paused in the hopeless, helpless exasperation of the goaded male when confronted with the awful simplicity of feminine weakness, took a long breath and began again: "Jenny, my darling, isn't there any sense at all in that pretty little head of yours? Did you have to fling yourself into a career of deceit quite so wholeheartedly?"

It drew a wan little spark from Jenny. "Evasion," she said rather weakly.

"Brazen, barefaced lies," said Tom with vigor, as if hoping Jenny would flare up and defend herself.

But she didn't. She said, twisting her little hands together: "I had to. There was nothing else to do."

Tom waited a moment and then said, remotely again, as if he'd been rebuffed: "Tell me exactly what you did when you went to Alice's room. How long were you there?"

"I don't know exactly. I went upstairs and there was a light in the hall, but nobody was about. I hadn't seen or heard any more of Basil and it was late and I had tried and tried to think of a way out of the thing and there wasn't any. I came into the house without seeing Basil again—"

"What time was that?"

"I don't know. I think about half-past one. I went to my own room first, but I knew I couldn't sleep and I had to see Alice."

Then she hadn't been on the terrace and hadn't tried to make

me believe she was there at the time I went after the kitten. And I must tell Tom about that; there hadn't been a chance to do so that day.

"I opened the door of Alice's room and thought she was asleep. That must have been—oh, nearly two o'clock. I'm not sure. But the moonlight made the room light and I could see that she wasn't in the bed. She wasn't anywhere and I began to look for—oh, a note or something."

"Why did you think of a note?"

"Why, because right away I knew she'd been frightened and had gone back to Robert."

"Why did you think that?" Tom persisted.

"Her dressing—things weren't there. No comb or powder or toothbrush. That made me understand. Then I looked and her bag, too, was gone. It was a light, canvas suitcase, the kind you have for aeroplane travel."

I remembered the darkness round the door of Alice's room and some-

thing made me say: "Did you turn on the light?"

"No. No, I'm sure I didn't. The moonlight was so bright that I could see clearly in the room. Besides, I thought of Basil outside and didn't want him to see the light in the windows. I did turn on the light in the bathroom, but the curtains were drawn and I didn't think anyone would see. I was looking in the wardrobe to see what dresses she had taken when I heard the shot."

"Did you know what had happened?"

"I—guessed," said Jenny.

"Why didn't you come down at once?"

"Why, because I thought she might come back, of course."

"You mean Alice? You thought she did it?"

Jenny didn't say anything; she

just moved her head there in the shadow.

Tom put his cigarette to his lips and the crimson end of it glowed and died away before he said quietly: "Why have you told me this now?"

Jenny leaned forward. The lovely curve of her throat, rising from the flimsy white at her breast to the firm, round lines of her chin, and soft crimson mouth became clear and distinct in a band of light. She said huskily: "Now? What—do you mean?"

"I mean," said Tom distinctly, "why do you feel so safe about Alice now? You haven't before. You've fought like a tiger," he said coolly, "to keep any of us from knowing the truth. You've risked danger; you've got yourself into a nice little mess with the police; you've got your own fingerprints on the revolver that killed him and you've lied to them so badly that you're their prime suspect, in case you don't know it—and now all at once you break down and tell me the truth. Why?"

"I—had to."

"That's not all," Tom said grimly.

"It's because at last you feel Alice is safe. All right, where is she?"

"Alice has nothing to do with this. She didn't kill him."

"How do you know?"

Jenny sat perfectly mute and so stubborn I could have shaken her. But she was frightened, too. Tom persisted: "Where is she? When did you hear from her? Jenny Shore, you've got to tell me the whole truth and I'll stay here all night if I have to—drag it out of you."

"I've told you the truth. Everything I saw, everything I did that night. I didn't tell you, or Cousin Mary, that Alice had gone. I went upstairs when you made me go to get her and I—I pretended I had just discovered it when I came down again—"

"You did a very good job of that," said Tom, in a tone that implied she could have done an equally nice bit of acting at other times.

*Walters took the knife carefully in his hands, and proceeded to examine it intently.*

"Tom, I had to do what I did. There wasn't any other way. I had got out that awful revolver myself. I myself had seen that Basil's real death would—would—"

"Benefit you all?" supplied Tom coldly.

"Well—yes. So if I had felt like that, if I had been so desperate that I actually tried to make myself kill him and failed just because—because I simply couldn't do it—then what about Alice? I knew how she must have felt. I—I thought, of course, that she'd come upon him in the grounds and that he had seen her bag and tried to stop her and that she got the revolver somehow and—shot him. There wasn't time for me to plan. I made mistakes. But I did the only thing I could think of. And then you came along, Tom, and—"

**S**HE broke off helplessly, and after a moment, Tom said bluntly:

"And spoiled your happy little plan, I suppose you were going to say?"

"You called the police," said Jenny, implacably. "Oh, Tom, why did you do it?"

"Because it had to be done." If he heard the sudden appeal in her voice he gave no evidence of it. His cigarette made a flying red line into the darkness and someone came across the lawn at some distance from us with a flashlight. Jenny cried, startled: "Who's that?" and a voice called:

"Is that you, Dr. Tucker?"

Tom went on the edge of the terrace. "Yes, I'm here. What do you want?"

The voice and figure and glancing flash of the light came nearer. It was one of the policemen. We could see the glimmer of his buttons and his tall, lean figure loomed up distinctly in the glow from the light.

"Did anybody come across the lawn?" he demanded.

Tom answered: "Just now, you mean? No."

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# BIRDS OF PASSAGE

*The dove dancer was secure in the game she played until she aroused the suspicions of another woman.*

By FRANK KING

AS usual the restaurant of the Colossal Hotel was crowded. It knows no slack period, no off-season. Day after day, year in, year out, it resounds to the throng and hustle of travellers from all over the world.

At a small table at the edge of the spacious dance floor, Philip Trent, wealthy young barrister, sat and gloomed. His gaze followed a girl who was waltzing with a sharp-featured, middle-aged man.

Philip was having one of his periodical attacks of impatience; impatience with an unspoken arrangement which would give her a little more time before he asked her to abandon the profession in which she worked so hard.

There was nothing mask-like about his pleasant features, which told his mood plainly. She smiled at him rather wistfully when the music ended and she returned to her seat at his table.

"Same old grouse, Pip?" she asked softly.

"Just selfishness on my part. But honestly, Frankie, there are times when—"

"I know. You don't like my having to dance with anyone who comes along. You forget that it's just business."

"Sure! I'm a fool. All the same—well, you get queer people here sometimes. Who's to say that fellow you've just been waltzing with isn't a crook?"

"He is." Frankie's dark eyes sparkled mischievously. "The house detective was telling me only this morning that he's an international jewel thief."

"There you are, then! That's what—"

Philip broke off, laughing. "Funny! When you get down to brass tacks, your dancing with an international jewel thief doesn't worry me as much as I thought. That's because you know what he is. Is he planning to do his stuff here?"

"If he is, he'll have a rough passage. All the staff have been warned, and someone's keeping an eye on him all the time."

"Including the dance hostess, eh?" Philip had recovered his usual good humor. He rose to his feet as the band struck up. "Can I have this one?"

She hurried into his arms, and, forgetting everything else, they glided over the floor in perfect rhythm.

The sight of a very daring gown on a beautiful red-headed girl brought Philip back to earth, reminding him of the subject they had just been discussing.

"If those pearls are real," he murmured, "they'd be a fine haul for your jewel thief."

"They probably are real," Frankie replied. "I can hardly imagine Gloria Wray being satisfied with imitations. She's an American; just come over to shock London with her dove dance."

"Well, she's got the right figure for that kind of thing," observed Philip. "Who's the blond Adonis she's dancing with? Looks like a Viking."

"He is a Swede, I believe. I've forgotten his name. They've both been here about a week; seem to spend most of their time together. Have you noticed how he looks at her?"

"Pure adoration, eh? A well-matched pair. Hallo, there's Alphonse beckoning to you."

The head waiter was desolated to interrupt, but a Mr. Vernon wished to speak most urgently on the telephone with Miss Leyburn. Frankie excused herself and hurried away.

A frown puckered her white brow when she rejoined him.

"I hope I never get this job again," she sighed. "I'd fixed up a really good programme. Now Harry

Vernon's had to back out because Lydia's got chicken-pox—of all things!"

"The adagio dancers?"

"Yes. I expect I'll have to get busy on the phone. Though I can't think of anyone to take their place."

Philip caught a glimpse of Gloria Wray leaving the floor with her partner.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Why not ask your dove dancer?"

They threaded their way through the tables. Gloria Wray welcomed them with a charming smile.

"Join us for a while, Miss Leyburn," she said. "You know Mr. Svendsen, I think?"

"Thanks, Mr. Trent. Miss Wray."

Svendsen, a handsome young giant, beckoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of champagne. He was flushed and excited. Gloria Wray laid slim fingers on his arm.

"Take it easy, Henrik," she laughed. "Don't forget that you promised to take me along to that night club."

"I have not forgotten," he replied in perfect English. "But this is something of an occasion—a celebration in advance."

"Are congratulations in order?" asked Philip.

"Not yet," Gloria shook her red head. "To-morrow—perhaps."

SVENDSEN drained his glass. "Here's to to-morrow."

"I don't know whether the omens are propitious or not," said Frankie rather diffidently. "There's a charity ball here to-morrow night in aid of the Stage Pensioners' Fund. I'm responsible for the cabaret, and I've just had word that one of the turns—adagio dancers—won't be able to come. It will be difficult to replace them at such short notice. I wondered if I dare ask you, Miss Wray—it's a very good cause."

"I'm sure it is." The dove dancer's lovely face hardened a little. "I'll be delighted to give you a donation. But I'd rather not appear in the cabaret."

"Gloria!" Svendsen turned towards her impulsively. "You know how I have wanted to see your dance. You said that at the first opportunity—"

"I'm on vacation, Henrik. Once in a while I like to forget my work."

"It would be a fine way of celebrating—"

"I'd much rather not."

He showed his disappointment with an almost childlike transparency. After a moment, Gloria's features softened.

"Very well. You can count me in, Miss Leyburn."

"That's awfully kind of you."

"She is always kind," exclaimed Henrik, delighted.

"I'll see you in the morning, shall I?" suggested Frankie. "We can fix everything up. What time will be convenient?"

"Elevenish," smiled Gloria. "I should be awake by then if Henrik brings me home at a reasonable hour."

Frankie was just leaving her room next morning to keep the appointment when Henrik Svendsen came hurrying along.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Leyburn," he exclaimed. "Gloria will not be able to perform her dance to-night. She has sprained her ankle."

"Hard luck!"

"The fault is mine entirely. When I called at her suite a few minutes ago she was going along to feed her doves. I accompanied her to the room where they are kept, and asked her to demonstrate what they are trained to do. She was reluctant to release them, but as I foolishly persisted she agreed and let them out



The birds fluttered wildly about as the girls tried to get them into the baskets.

of their baskets. It was then she

stumbled, twisting her ankle badly.

"She refused to have a doctor, but allowed me to bandage her foot. I had to leave her because I have a most important appointment this morning, and she asked me to give you the sad news."

"That's all right," said Frankie. "Accidents will happen."

"You are very kind. I know that this will be a great disappointment," Svendsen glanced at his watch. "Will you excuse me, please. I must hurry."

Frankie sighed and she watched the young fellow go. There'd be precious little chance now of filling the gap in the cabaret. Unless Gloria Wray's injury was not so bad as it sounded.

She rang the office for the number of the stock room where the dancer's doves were, and a few minutes later knocked on the door. It was opened an inch or two by Gloria Wray, who seemed surprised to see her.

"Oh, come in, Miss Leyburn," she said. "Quickly, please. Some of my pets are out of their basket." She opened the door wider, allowing Frankie to slip through, and closed it again.

"Is the ankle bad?"

"Nothing very dreadful. But I can't put much weight on it. It would be quite impossible to do my dance."

Frankie sighed again, glancing round the stock room. Except for a couple of nestle tables and one or two chairs this was unfurnished. Two large wicker baskets stood on one of the tables; a third, covered with canvas, in a corner by the window. One of the baskets on the table was closed. Through the wide interstices she could see several white doves moving restlessly about.

The lid of the other was open, and another half-dozen birds, perhaps alarmed by her entry, were fluttering round the room.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I

hope it isn't too painful. Is there anything I can do? Help you to put the doves back? Give you a hand to your suite?"

"I'll manage all right."

"Let me help. It must be awkward with that ankle."

"Very well, thanks. My fall startled them. They're nervous little creatures."

It took quite a while to replace the birds in their basket. Obviously disturbed about something, they took no notice of their mistress' commands, and she had to hobble about after them, catching each one individually, while Frankie did what she could to drive them towards her. Eventually, however, all were returned to their prison except for one agitated little fellow who perched on the curtain rod.

"Tony's always temperamental," smiled Gloria, holding out her hand invitingly. "Come, Tony. Come, then."

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**W**HEN that sudden gale caught the Mary Harvey with every stitch yet a quarter of a mile off Cat Island and turned her topside downside, Uncle Willie Clogg, although he owned a piece of the schooner and would suffer by her loss, felt a pious satisfaction. For Joe Brazzel had been in the cabin at the time of the catastrophe.

Counting noses in the longboat afterwards, sure that only the mate was missing, Uncle Willie said briefly:

"Well, we c'n do 'thout him, I'd say. They were all rowing hard, fighting to reach Cat Island. 'Give her a good h'ist!' he adjured them. 'He's gone, let him go, say I!'"

Cap'n Ned Harvey lay there unconscious at his feet, but the Cap'n was all right, nought but a crack on the noggin! Everyone was all right except Joe Brazzel.

Uncle Willie felt a secret gratification in the fact that it was indirectly he himself who had sent the mate below to his death. For Joe Brazzel that day had indignation—and Uncle Willie was the cook aboard the Mary Harvey.

He tugged at his oar with a fervent vigor, and spat down-wind, and reflected virtuously: "He'd ought to know better'n to git the cook down on him! Serves him right, I'd say." He felt himself an instrument of just vengeance, and was pleased.

Then something moved under his boot heel and he looked down and saw that he was bracing his foot on Cap'n Ned's hand and that the skipper, coming back to consciousness, was trying to pull that hand free. Uncle Willie shifted his foot. He would be glad when Cap'n Ned came to. He had good news for the skipper; this news that the mate was dead, and so could not make love to Mary Harvey any more.

About them howled the gale. They came at last laboriously into the lee of Cat Island and so safe to shore.

Cap'n Ned Harvey was a man of parts. His two-top-mast schooner, called the Mary Harvey after his wife, was manned by Port men, who had each a share in the schooner, and who trusted Cap'n Ned. He was a straightforward, simple, calmly single-minded individual, and he had been generally conceded to be a real sensible man till he married Mary Tribner.

Mary was years the younger, and in her teens she used to watch Cap'n Ned go to and fro about the Port with shy awe; till one day he saw that she had come suddenly to womanhood—and that her eyes were big upon him, gazing as if

When they were to be married, Uncle Willie—who had been cook on Cap'n Harvey's schooner for many a year, and so was privileged—told the Skipper that he was making a mistake.

"Mary's cute as Christmas, sure she is," he conceded. "But, Cap'n, there ain't any cuteness in you. She's as pretty and perky as a pansy, but you ain't much to look at. She likes dancing and such goings-on. You can't dance any more than a pile driver. She's nineteen and you're thirty-four. Ain't that reasons enough for you?"

But Cap'n Ned said mildly: "You'd think straighter if your head wadn't all cluttered up with outside rubbish, Uncle Willie. Looks like we'll make out together."

"What's she going to be doing, with you off 'tween eight-ten months out of every year, and her 'home alone'?"

And Cap'n Ned smiled and said: "If I'm as lumberome as you say—why then she'll be full as well pleased to get shet of me for a spell now and then. And all the more glad to have me for a change when I come home."

So they were married; and Cap'n Harvey took Mary to the house that had been his father's and his grandfather's, and gave it into her charge. But for himself, he kept the sea.

Uncle Willie was not alone in predicting trouble to come. Aunt Sade, his wife, for once agreed with him; and she made it her business to go often to the Cap'n's house to keep an eye on developments. She always came in through the kitchen. "I'm just back-door company," she used to tell Mary. "Don't pay any heed to me!"

Her eye was sharp, and there was never a fleck of dust neglected on the old mahogany that she did not see—and mention; but Mary, with only the big empty house to tend



## MAN OF PARTS

**Trouble ahead, they all said, when the Skipper married a pretty girl far too young for him.**

while Cap'n Harvey was away, was glad even of critical company. At first she had loved Cap'n Ned with a blind wonder; but as the years passed, though she still loved him, some of the wonder died. He was a monotonously simple man, lacking variety even in little things. She was at first tenderly amused because for him life was never complicated. Sometimes when she was perplexed and asked his advice, he gave her his rule:

"Why, just do what it looks like you ought to," he bade her. "Then no matter how it comes out, you won't have to be sorry after."

Mary laughed at his simplicity; but they were happy together as the years slipped by. Even Aunt Sade had begun to weary in her expectations of disaster, till old Peter Strik, mate of the Mary Harvey, fell into the hold at Newport and broke his hip; and Cap'n Ned left Peter to mend in the hospital there and signed Joe Brazzel to take his place.

Joe was a tall, lusty, black-haired, laughing man years younger than Cap'n Ned, with broad shoulders and a quick, gay tongue that laughed more at others than at himself; but the crew of the Mary Harvey hated him from the first. Uncle Willie Clogg particularly disliked him.

Joe made matters worse by getting sick, and blaming Uncle Willie's cooking. He was running a high fever, had perhaps a touch of ptomaine, when they tied up to the dock; and Cap'n Ned as a matter of course bundled the mate into a taxi and took him home and put him to bed.

Aunt Sade Clogg was at the house that day with Mary—as she often was—and she helped undress Joe and ease him. Then she came home, and Uncle Willie told her what he thought of Joe.

When later she heard that Joe would board with Cap'n Ned till it was time for the Mary Harvey again to put to sea, she told Uncle Willie:

"Of all the witless things to do! Cap'n Ned going on forty-five, and

Mary just touching thirty. And he goes and brings that young rake-hellion and sticks him right under Mary's nose! Cap'n Ned's a simpleton, if you ask me!"

She made it her business to come to the house oftener now. Her watchful eye for a while discovered nothing to satisfy her expectations; but once when Cap'n Ned went to Houlton on business and was gone three days, leaving Joe and Mary alone together, Aunt Sade spoke her mind to him.

"Cap'n Ned," she said severely, "you'd better stay 't'home more, if you ask me!"

The skipper chuckled. "Didn't ask you, did I, Aunt Sade?"

"Well, it's high time you did," she assured him hotly. "Tain't fitten the way you leave Joe there alone with Mary, and no knowing what might be going on."

"Worried about Mary, are you? I ain't fretting about her."

"The more fool you!"

He nodded. "Mebbe! If fool I am, then fool I be."

And his tone silenced her for the time; but the day of her triumph came. On the Mary Harvey's next sailing day, Cap'n Ned left the house after breakfast to visit the bank and do other necessary business; and Aunt Sade saw Uncle Willie start for the dock, and then she stopped by to ask whether Mary would go to see the schooner depart.

She came to the kitchen door as she always did. There was a glass pane in the door, and when she stepped upon the porch—quietly, just in case—she saw Joe Brazzel and Mary by the kitchen sink inside. She saw Mary in a silent fury fighting to be free, and Joe holding her, seeking her lips with his; till he found them, held them hard.

Aunt Sade threw open the kitchen door and stepped boldly in. "Well!"

she exclaimed, in an almost contented tone. "This is fine goings-on, if you ask me!"

They broke apart, and Mary stared at her in some consternation. Then, "Oh, my land!" she gasped and fled, and Joe Brazzel laughed.

"Jealous, Aunt Sade?" he demanded. "Want a kiss yourself? You just come here to me!"

Aunt Sade gave him a piece of her mind; and then she went straight to the dock, found Uncle Willie in his galley and told him all about it.

"And you've got to tell the Cap'n, Willie," she insisted. "I'm a mind to, myself; only I'm kind of scared of what he might do." Then she said suddenly: "Sh! Here she is this minute, bold as brass!"

Mary had indeed just come aboard. She and Cap'n Ned passed the galley arm in arm and went down to the cabin. Aunt Sade exclaimed:

"You'd think she'd be ashamed to show her face. I'm a mind to tell Cap'n Ned, myself. You tell him, Willie. You hear me?"

Uncle Willie said doubtfully: "Well, I'll see, Sade!" Confronted no longer by suspicious but by facts, he, too, was afraid what Cap'n Ned might do. The skipper had always been a mild enough man; but now he might not be so mild.

Uncle Willie had boxed Ned Harvey's ears when Ned was a boy peeling potatoes in his galley long ago, and he had been shipmates with Cap'n Ned ever since, and had loved him ever since, in a querulous and angry fashion that showed itself in steady recrimination and complaint. He did not at first dare tell Cap'n Harvey what Aunt Sade had seen; but he came near it when one day Joe Brazzel complained

"Well!" Aunt Sade exclaimed. "This is fine goings-on, if you ask me."

more violently than usual about his victuals. Uncle Willie said stoutly:

"Come into the galley yourself, if you ain't suited! From all I hear, you've made yourself free in other folks' kitchens before now!"

Joe grinned derisively. "Not in Aunt Sade's, Uncle Willie," he said. "She's safe enough!" And he mimicked the old woman: "If you ask me!"

Uncle Willie said darkly: "You'll talk too much one of these days, and then I'll say my say."

The climax came on a November morning when the Mary Harvey was ploughing sullenly, under light winds, through a sullen winter sea. At breakfast there was definitely something in Joe's oatmeal that had no place there. He picked it out with his fork and called it by name, and he cried furiously:

"Willie, you thumb-handed grease pot, I'll stuff it down your throat!"

Uncle Willie flamed to meet Joe's flame. "You lay a hand on me, and I'll rip you two ways with a bread knife," he cried in shrill rage. "You'd best be glad I don't put worse than that in your victuals. I've be'n a mind to, more'n once."

Cap'n Ned said slowly: "Easy, Uncle Willie. Don't talk that way to Joe."

The old man turned for once in anger on the skipper. "It's high time someone talked to him," he exploded. "Him making love to yore Mary all the time he's home, and you a-letting him!"

Joe started to his feet; but then Joe sat down again and fiddled with his spoon. Cap'n Ned for a moment did not speak; but he looked at Uncle Willie so long that the cook was confused and blundering, babbling meaningless words. Then the Captain said in grave reproof:

"Your tongue always was hung in the middle and loose at both ends, Willie. It's time for you to act your age!"

Uncle Willie was abashed, but not silenced. "Ask him!" he challenged. "Ask him your own self!"

Please turn to page 34

**By Ben Ames Williams**



# How A.I.F. Captain kept boyhood resolve



ESCAPE FROM GREECE. An Australian brigade at a river crossing after withdrawal from the Verria Pass.

**"I shall never be taken a prisoner of war"**

It was either a long trek overland to Turkey or take to the boats

"I SHALL NEVER BE TAKEN PRISONER OF WAR," said Captain Donald Jackson, A.I.F., before he sailed for the Middle East.

He had said the same thing as a boy, when his uncle, Flight-Lieutenant Vautin, who was a prisoner in the last war, had told the lad of his experiences.

He repeated this resolution to his family on the day when, as a young student at Duntroon Military College, he won the coveted sword of honor.

**B**UT every bit of his resource and initiative was called into play to make good his resolve when he found himself in Greece with the rest of his unit lined up as prisoners of war. He was on scout work at the time, and nearly shared his fate. Recently his mother, Mrs. R. E. Jackson, wife of Major-General Jackson, received this cryptic cable from her son:

**"ESCAPED PRISONER OF WAR."**

Behind this laconic message was the drama of a young soldier making good his resolve that the Germans would not capture him.

It is the story, too, of hundreds of fellow Australians who escaped the Nazis in the epic of Greece . . . an Odyssey of to-day set in the Isles of Greece, where a boat, a ragged sail, even a tree limb for a paddle meant safety for these Australians who, like Don Jackson, determined they would never be taken prisoner.

Now comes detail to supplement the four-word cable in a letter from Captain Jackson to his mother.

Captain Jackson's letter takes one right into the midst of the campaign. Here is his story:

## His own story

"I WAS driving an armored scout carrier down the road towards the enemy to look for an officer, and went decidedly too far, for I was pulled up with a round turn by a German two-pounder gun about 200 yards down the road.

"I stopped and pulled to the ditch, where it just couldn't reach me.

"It was still uncomfortable, as the shells were still striking the road 10 feet to the right.

"I then tried to get out the top, but our own troops, thinking me an enemy scout, had a machine-gun rattling the back of the vehicle.

"I tried to reach over the top for my steel helmet which was hanging on an outside rack, but drew fire every time.

"Finally I put on a Tank Corps beret that was on the seat beside me, and felt 100 per cent, safer for some unknown reason or other, and mustered enough courage to jump out into the ditch.



"OUR HOME." Two Australian soldiers beside the thatched hut they built on Crete. Thousands of boys of the A.I.F. had thrilling escapes from Greece and Crete.

"The next half-mile gave me much gravel-rash on the keel plates, but I found myself on a high hill overlooking the whole bun-fight and slightly behind the German line.

"It was rather a discovery, so I set off to find my own unit. This took a good hour, and by then it was close on 8.30 p.m. I found that our force had been overcome and was formed up as a prisoner-of-war column.

"As you know, I had made up my mind, after Uncle Claude's experience in last war, that I would not be taken P.W.—despite the Germans' ultimatum that any person found outside the marching column would be shot out of hand.

"All were so dead with fatigue that I could not find a starter for a walk to Turkey, but managed to borrow an oil compass and a tourist road-map showing Greece, the islands, Albania, Bulgaria, and Thrace, and made a duck for it in the confusion.

"My plan will probably amuse you. I was near Nafplion and intended to hide in the hills for a couple of days to allow my feet to heal, then (moving only by night for the dangerous stages) head across northern Sparta and south of Corinth to a point N.E. of Patras, where the Gulf of Patraikos narrows to about three miles, then swim or row it to the mainland.

"Then move from shepherd to shepherd, close to the Albanian frontier, then across rough country, avoiding big towns such as Salonika, to the Turkish frontier (it would take at least three months).

"I set off down the woody beach line and through a fishing village.

"A young woman had been watching me from her front gate and came out and took me by the hand. She got me a drink of water and

apparently, though I could not understand, wanted to hide me in the little cottage.

"This would, of course, have resulted in their summary punishment if I was caught, so by signs I showed the family that I was taking to the hills.

"The ladies of the house were by then sobbing and the same one followed me to the gate, motioned along the beach and not to the hills, and kissed me good-bye. (There is a time and place for everything, and although I thought it a waste of time just then, I have often thought since what a lovely gesture it was.)

## Waiting for boat

"I CONTINUED down the beach and found the C.O. and a British major who had both decided to 'give it a go.' They were waiting for a small rowing-sailing boat which was being organised for them by a Greek naval officer who was also escaping. What a piece of luck! The boat appeared out of the shadows complete with naval officer and crew of two fishermen. The Greek officer had an unpronounceable name, so we called him Romeo.

"Just as we were pushing off, an Australian soldier dashed down the beach and we took him along, too. His Christian name, 'Butch,' suited him.

"So we had Colonel H., Major M., myself, Butch, Romeo, and two Greek sailors, one tin of bully, one loaf of bread, one greatcoat, one colored shawl, one compass, one road-map, one rifle, and one revolver.

"Our boat was about 18ft. long, and with awkward oars. We rowed away like fury just as darkness fell, and were about 500 yards out when a large German patrol of about 20 vehicles with headlights full on



CAPTAIN DONALD JACKSON (centre front) with his family at a picnic at Ingleburn before going abroad. From left: Major-General R. E. Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, Captain Don Jackson, Dawn Jackson, and Captain O. D. Jackson.

passed round the beach. They apparently did not see us so we rowed for half-an-hour and hoisted the sail in a very favorable breeze. The sailors knew the way to the next island—Spelzia—and we arrived there just before dawn.

"We slept a couple of hours on a rocky ledge until dawn, then went into the town to look for food.

"We spent the day wearily boarding boat after boat on each side of the island looking for one of a better seagoing performance than ours.

"Our intent by then was purely piratical and our looks did nothing to belie it.

"One rogue offered to hire us a boat for £500, so we went down to have a look at it, much to his dis-

comfort, with full intention of borrowing it. The engine would not work—it was too heavy to row—and it was not his, anyhow.

"Night fell and I set the compass for a run to the tiny island of Vela-fondon. Unluckily it was calm, and we set off rowing on a flat sea. We had been pulling along steadily, a bit disappointed in ourselves, when we saw a winking light far in the distance, and the shape of a cruiser or destroyer beyond it.

"Butch and I, being the strongest (or, rather, not completely done in), took the oars, and put every ounce into every stroke for two hours, fearing all the time that the warship would sail without seeing us.

Continued on page 6



**Hey, Mister! Ever hear about the Scientist who crossed a glow-worm with a collar stud?**

... so he could find his stud whenever it rolled under the bed? You'll never have to grope in the dark once you get an Eveready flashlight in the house. If you sleep on a verandah; or get up in the middle of the night to look at baby; or go to the bathroom; or go across the yard; or look for something in a pantry

where there's no light—time after time you'll be thankful for an Eveready flashlight. When you can see you're safe so insist on an Eveready flashlight—complete with Eveready batteries, 5/9d. The batteries are as important as the flashlight, so always insist on Eveready batteries, too.

T28-61





A GROUP of recruits, with their blankets issue, on first day in camp.

## What women think of the recruiting drive

All appreciate the need for men; some criticise posters

By A STAFF REPORTER

Searchlights, guns, sandbagged posts, aerial bombings, military bands have brought a sense of war to Sydney in the past week, when the recruiting drive was launched.

Aided by thousands of posters, speeches and broadcasts, this warlike atmosphere has made everybody talk about recruiting.

The N.S.W. recruiting campaign for A.I.F. reinforcements has been directed mainly to women. The three main posters carry an appeal from women to men. A recruiting officer told me they were designed to impress on women that their influence could turn the scale in the drive for reinforcements.

"SOME women are not helping us in this war as much as most women did in the last war," said this recruiting officer. "I know of three girls who have told their fiancés they will break off their engagements if they enlist. We do not expect women to tell men to go to the war, but we ask them not to stop them if they want to go."

At recruiting rallies, in shops, offices, trams, restaurants, I have asked many women what they think of the campaign.

All of them were agreed on its necessity, but their views on the nature of the campaign were varied. Some say it is a woman's duty to make men enlist.

Many others, including soldiers' wives and mothers, say that one

poster, in which a girl holding an A.I.F. hat is saying "Mister, here's your hat," is only another version of the white feather.

Other views are that the posters should appeal more universally to men and women, that there has not been enough emphasis on two points in the campaign.

One of them is the appeal to the traditional quality in the average Australian — "Don't let your mates down."

The other is the appeal to pride and a sense of tradition in the fact that Australia is the only country whose army is a volunteer army.

Here are some of the opinions: Mrs. E. R. Stewart, a member of the All-Services Canteen, and an active Comforts Fund worker:

"I do not like the posters or the broadcasts. They suggest compulsion. They do not appeal to the goodness in people. It is not a

woman's job to tell a man to go to the war, as one poster suggests. If he wants to go, though, she should not stop him.

"There are some aspects of army life that discourage young men from enlisting. We see many men in the canteen who spend most of two days' leave there, because they have nowhere else to go.

"If army life is to attract our best types it must provide for a man's leisure as well as his training."

Mrs. I. Spring, who has a son in the R.A.A.F., and another in the A.I.F., wounded at Tobruk:

"I think there should be women speakers in the recruiting campaign. Women could soften the hearts of men who won't enlist, and make them see it is their duty to join up."

Mrs. T. P. Clark, founder and organiser of "Letters From Home," whose husband and son are on active service:

"Some of the recruiting speakers suggest that women do not realise Australia's peril, but surely this must apply equally to men.

"In spite of films and photographs from invaded countries it is difficult for us to visualise war right here in our own country. Instead of the posters at present on show, couldn't we have photographic posters of stormtroopers marching down Martin Place; Nazi planes over a crowded Bondi beach on a summer Sunday, to give us a realistic sense of the urgency for more recruits?"



MAJOR-GENERAL LLOYD, Director-General of Recruiting, making an appeal at a strong-post in the city.

Miss L. Taylor, general secretary, Y.W.C.A.:

"These are some of the views I've heard expressed by the girls here: 'The quality of the speaking could be improved. It is a good thing they have at least one woman speaker.'

"My own observation is that I have always found it wise to leave it to my men relatives and friends to make up their own minds on all important matters."

The wife of a corporal in Palestine:

"If a man cannot make up his

own mind to enlist I don't think the posters would help him. Naturally, as a soldier's wife, I want more men to enlist, but I do not think I am entitled to tell them so.

"I have followed the recruiting campaign fairly closely, and heard one speaker on the air say, 'Join the army and put on weight.' I read somewhere the claim that a soldier has as many articles in his kit as a bride in her trousseau. This does not sound like a recruiting crusade to me.

"To my mind the finest and most effective appeal came from Lieut. Gerrard, who finished his appeal to help his comrades with these moving words:

"You would not hesitate if you had held them in your arms and seen them look at you—for they cannot talk to you."

"His appeal was realistic and authentic."

## How A.I.F. Captain kept his boyhood resolve

Continued from page 7

"HOWEVER, our warship turned out to be one of those innumerable distant islands of the Aegean—and the news knocked us.

"We all came to, and rowed the boat around the coast. We had only gone half a mile when we found a tiny field set into the cliffs, and in it, to us, a tremendous ship (about 200 tons). We were most excited, and examined it with speculative eye. A bit dirty, mind you, but with an 80 h.p. Diesel engine it looked like the Queen Mary to us.

"A very grumpy-looking individual came out of a cave nearby to look at us, looking every bit a Greek engineer.

"We gathered from him that we were on the N.W. coast of the island of Hydra, and that the captain and crew had taken to the hills in the evening before, after dive-bombers had dropped forty bombs at them.

"We boarded 'our' ship about an hour before dusk, when the captain and four of the crew came aboard. We were quite prepared to keep them with us by any means, but the captain was a brave little man despite the fact that he had been hiding in the hills from bombing.

"One of his crew, Aleco, perpetually cheerful, with an immortal Greek face, told me with much laughter, in broken English and French, that he had already had four ships sunk under him by dive-bombers.

"Next came Mitou and his volatile friend whose name I cannot recall, a pair of amiable rogues.

"They would break into a wild peasant dance at infrequent intervals, and sing airs of vague Turkish origin, clapping their hands for syncopation.

"At about 10 p.m. we were cast off and the engines fired. They sounded like heavenly harps—and while the captain and crew toiled all night I slept on the oily hatches. The first night's sleep for six nights!

"I awoke to Aleco's chatter on the

bridge, and saw the beautiful little island of Siphos over the bows.

"In about an hour and a half we reached Apollonia, a completely white town. It reminded me of what I had read of the coral houses of Bermuda. As we approached the first houses they saw us coming, and women filled our arms with roses. We felt rather self-conscious and dirty, and hid them in some bushes as soon as we turned a corner, but it was no use, the same thing happened again, and in self-defence we carried armfuls all day.

### Tale of adventures

"THE menfolk adopted us, and, led by a local chief of gendarmerie and an escaped Greek officer, offered us a share of their scanty supply of cigarettes, and took us to a cafe.

"We took it in turn at the barber's next door. Good-bye beards. The barber would not be paid. An animated description of our trials was being translated to the audience, and many of them went away and returned with small gifts which they surely could ill-afford in some cases.

"One with a loaf of bread, another a bottle of wine, another garlic and lettuce, another a bag of almonds.

"We had a great feed of eight hard-boiled eggs each, salad, chips, tea with honey (had no sugar), raisins, and wine.

"The cafe-owner would not take payment, and the gendarmes took us to the church, then to a pension, where each was given a bed and told to sleep until tea-time. I had a hot bath, but did not sleep, preferring to keep an eye out. Went for a walk through the town during siesta time.

"Forgot to take my bunch of flowers, and was trapped by two young ladies of a dress shop, who laughingly let me off with a rose behind the ear, and proceeded to sew my torn shirt and put buttons on it."

(Captain Donald Jackson's letters end at this point in his adventures, but his family has since received news of his safety.)

## NEW WAY TO STOP CHILD'S COLD

NEW "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Nose; Relieve Sore Throat; Break up Croupy Chest Congestion — overnight!

"WINTROL to-night — to-morrow all right"

QUICKER!—It's the new Canadian Cream rub now brought to Australia by the makers of Buckley's CANADOL Mixture.

It's different—better. It has long been the great stand-by of mothers up in the blizzard frozen North where even an ordinary cold puts a child's life in danger.

BUCKLEY'S WINTROL RUB—Its extra-quick, positive 3-way "thermal" action is the most pleasant and effective external way to break up congested, croupy, bronchial colds.

Feel its fast, soothing action clear smothering, stuffed-up head passages—stop sniffing, running nose—make breathing easy. See how swiftly it brings a blessed, soothing comfort to sore, irritated throat lining.

Rub WINTROL over neck and chest and be amazed at how quickly its magic, glowing "thermal" action relieves aching, shivering soreness; breaks up croupy, bronchial congestion; and keeps little ones warm and comfortable while its wonderful 3-way action is driving the 'flu out of the system.

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—surer—quicker "thermal" treatment that has been long proved by mothers in far rugged Canada. It's greaseless and stainless.

Now obtainable from every chemist and store.

BUCKLEY'S WINTROL RUB

Canton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



Wright's Coal Tar Soap isn't a household word in Hollywood. But it's a household word wherever English is spoken! And that seems to us to be more impressive. In England it's been famous for seventy years. That's since just before Gladstone was Prime Minister for the first time. There must be a solid worth in a soap that gains its reputation like this. You might do worse than give it a trial.

**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap

1 lb. a Cake - - Bath size, 1/7  
Including Sales Tax.

4.6.41



# V.C.'s mother longs to see her hero son

Told of highest award for valor she said, "just tell me he's alive"

From KITTY LESMURDIE, The Australian Women's Weekly representative at Perth.

If once in a presswoman's lifetime the chance comes to break the news to a mother that her son has achieved the crowning honor of military life—winning the Victoria Cross—then that presswoman has had one moment well worth living for.

I had that moment late the other night when I broke the news to Mrs. Hugh Edwards that her son, Acting Wing-Commander Hugh Idwal Edwards, holder of the D.F.C., awarded but a few weeks before, had now become a V.C.

THE door of the Edwards' home in appropriately-named Battle Street, Mosman Park, a suburb eight miles from Perth, was opened by Mrs. Hugh Edwards, the hero's mother, tall, grey-haired, and full of dignity.

She trembled, then said, "It's news of my Hughie. Don't say—"

I put my arm on her shoulder and replied in words used twenty centuries ago: "Glad tidings of great joy I bring . . ."

and I told her how her son, already acknowledged a hero by the D.F.C. award, had achieved the supreme triumph.

Tears coursed down her face as she said, "All I want to know is that he is still alive. I am glad to know he has been given the honor, but surely now he has done so much he will be allowed to come back and see us even for a little while."

Gwyneth, attractive 17-year-old sister of Hugh, said proudly, "I am ever so proud of Hugh."

"He had no old school tie; he was educated at Fremantle Boys' Public School—and now he has won the V.C."

Mrs. Edwards said: "Hugh has been wonderful. In all the five years he has been away from home he has written to me every week—never missed once."

She told me of her hero son's life, simply, but glowing with justifiable pride.

"He was born at Fremantle on August 1, 1914, on the brink of the fateful last war, and was educated first at the little White Gum Valley School and later at Fremantle Boys' School—a school which has turned out many brilliant sons."

"Leaving school he became a clerk in a Fremantle shipping office, and after similar work elsewhere joined the Royal Australian Artillery at Fremantle as a gunner."

"During these years he was a good scholar, but outdoor life appealed to him more and he took part in several sports. He became a playing member of the crack South Fremantle League Football Club."

"In 1935, a fellow artilleryman said to him: 'Eddie'—he was called this as an abbreviation of Edwards—the R.A.A.F. wants fliers, how about having a go?"

"Up to then, Hugh appeared totally disinterested in the subject of flying."

"He went home and mentioned the subject to his elder brother, who said, 'Get out of the guns, Hugh. I will stand behind you to get you made a flier.'"

"Hundreds of West Australians applied at the same time, but very few were chosen."

"After a year at Point Cook he was selected with six others to go to England for intensified training."

"Two years afterwards he was flying in the north of Scotland when the engine failed and he had to bail out, but in landing he suffered a compound fracture of his right leg and severe concussion."

"His leg remained rather numb and he was given a job of ferrying planes to various parts of England."

"His mother thought he was still doing this when she received word three weeks ago that he had been awarded the D.F.C. and, as she put it, 'that he was fighting in them, not ferrying.'"

Asked if Hugh had any thoughts of marriage, Mrs. Edwards said, "Hugh did hint in one letter that he might be considering matrimony this year, but he did not mention anyone in particular."

"He did say marriage would be a



HERO-WORSHIPPER VALMA HIRT, 13, who was a very small girl when Acting Wing-Commander Edwards sailed away five years ago. She has worn his photo in her locket ever since.



THIS IS the locket in which little Valma Hirt keeps "Eddie's" photo. "He was great fun to play games with," she said.

hell of a gamble for any girl taking on a man in his mode of life."

Mrs. Edwards' husband is at present working in the country with a Government department, and is a blacksmith by trade.

They have two daughters and three sons, and as both her husband and she are Welsh, the children all have Welsh names.

The eldest son is named David Emrys. He is in the R.A.A.F. and is stationed at Evans Head, N.S.W. The eldest daughter is Sian, now Mrs. W. Scott, whose husband is with the A.I.F.

Hugh will be 27 on August 1, and the day his mother heard of the V.C. award was the fifth anniversary of his leaving for England.

Hugh's second name is Idwal. Then there is a daughter Gwyneth, a dark-haired girl with flashing eyes, and finally Jack Lewis, aged 15, but longing for the time when he can win his wings.

Hugh's last letter said, "Life is a bit dull at times. We are living



MRS. G. HIRT, of West Brunswick, Melbourne. Acting Wing-Commander Edwards calls Mrs. Hirt "Auntie." He is "Eddie" to her.

under stress and separated from friends, but that really has to be a minor consideration."

Mrs. Edwards knows Hugh had a second crash since war began through a casual mention in one of his letters, but he gave no details.

It was as Squadron-Leader Edwards that he took part in a daylight dive-bombing attack at chimney level against Denhelder U-boat base, and for this he received the D.F.C.

Hugh said little about his own part, but mentioned, "I did not see everything that happened during all



Australia's first V.C. airman of this war

ACTING WING-COMMANDER HUGH IDWAL EDWARDS, V.C., D.F.C. His award of the Victoria Cross was made for his daring leadership of a day raid on Bremen early in July. "He personally planned the attack and showed the highest standard of determination in carrying it out with full knowledge of the risks involved," said the citation.

FDOBI/2	SYDNEY	39WORDS	26TH	9AM	=
ACTING WING COMMANDER HUGHIE EDWARDS VC DFC					
ROYAL AIR FORCE LONDON =					
ON BEHALF OVER HALF MILLION READERS THE					
AUSTRALIAN WOMENS WEEKLY OFFERS YOU					
CONGRATULATIONS YOUR MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENTS					
ALSO BIRTHDAY GREETINGS AUSTRALIA IS PROUD					
OF YOU =					

COPY OF CABLE sent by The Australian Women's Weekly to Acting Wing-Commander Edwards. His birthday is on August 1.

the attack, but the squadron did very well.

"Germans in Denhelder paid dearly for our loss of one pilot."

Hugh had then taken part in 25 daylight raids against the Germans, and at that time had already 800 flying hours to his credit.

## Melbourne Aunt

From Our Melbourne Representative.

WHEN I heard that Hugh Edwards' aunt, Mrs. G. Hirt, lived in Melbourne, I went out to see her at West Brunswick.

Mrs. Hirt met me with sparkling eyes—"Isn't it grand news?" she said. "You know, I am not Eddie's real aunt, but I couldn't be more excited if I were."

"My nephew, William Scott, is married to Eddie's sister Sian."

"When Eddie came over here, Bill gave him a letter to us."

"I can remember the first time he came, a fine, dark-haired, blue-eyed lad he was, reserved with strangers, but full of fun when he knew us better."

"There are eight in my family—seven girls and one boy. Eddie was like another son to us. He called this his second home and said the girls were his extra sisters."

"I guess his favorite in this family is Valma, and he is her hero. She is thirteen now, but she was only a little thing five years ago."

"When he left he gave her a snap of himself. She used to carry it round with her, so we gave her a locket to put it in, and she has been wearing it ever since."

"Yes, Eddie was a born airman—he wasn't afraid of anything."

## Brother at Evans Head

From a Special Correspondent.

"HUGHIE never wanted to worry us at home, so his letters always conveyed the impression that owing to his leg injury he was merely ferrying planes and found it very monotonous," said Aircraftman David Edwards, Hugh's elder brother, when I went to see him at Evans Head Flying School.

"He's a great bloke—and tough—over six feet, fourteen stone, and a tip-top footballer," said David.

David told the story of his brother's crash in Scotland, with full flying details.

"Hugh was flying over mountainous country when his machine ran into a bad storm at 5000 feet."

"Seeking to ride over it he climbed to 7000 feet, and at that height his engine cut out and the ailerons (control flaps on the wing-tips) froze."

"He then dropped back to 5000 feet and ordered his crew to bail out, which they did."

"Hugh remained in the cockpit, hoping the engine might recover, until at 700 feet he, too, bailed out."

"On reaching the ground one of his legs was badly wrenched in a rabbit burrow, and he was otherwise severely knocked about."

"Another honor Hugh has won is his enrolment as a member of the famous Caterpillar Club. This is an honor that cannot be applied for, but comes automatically with recognition of heroic deeds."



## Continuing . . . Birds of Passage from page 5

TONY cocked an inquiring eye at her, but refused to budge.

"I could reach him from the table," she said. "Shall we push it over?"

"I'll get up," offered Frankie.

"Better let me. A stranger might scare him more."

Gloria climbed on to the table and held out her hand again. After regarding it dubiously for a moment Tony decided to fly away. She made a grab for him and caught him. But she had stretched too far. Overbalancing, she jumped from the table, recovered her equilibrium, and thrust the bird into the basket.

"That's that," she said rather breathlessly. "Now if you wouldn't mind giving me an arm back to the suite, I'll rest this confounded sprain."

Frankie was unusually silent as she helped the dancer to her suite. She refused an invitation to go in, pleading some business. When she got back to her own room, she stood for quite a while staring out of the window.

There was nothing wrong with Gloria Wray's ankle. When she had jumped from the table, she had dropped on to the supposedly injured foot without suffering the slightest pain or inconvenience. Yet immediately afterwards she had leaned heavily on Frankie's arm as they traversed the corridors.

Now that suspicion had once been aroused, she felt that there was more in the business than this. The fluttering disobedience of the doves, for instance—Gloria had said that they were upset by her fall. It might be true. On the other hand, Frankie realised that completely un-

trained birds would act exactly as these had done.

The more she thought about it, the surer she became that she had hit on the real explanation of Gloria Wray's reluctance to perform her dove dance. Puzzled and intrigued, she decided to find out what she could about the girl. As a first step she rang up Dave Leggett, prominent theatrical agent and a very good friend.

Mr. Leggett, though willing, was unable to help. He'd never even heard of the dove dancer.

"Is it important, Frankie?" he asked.

"I don't know. It might be."

"Well, look here. I'm expecting a transatlantic phone call any minute. Monte Ryan, the Broadway producer. I'll ask him about this Wray dame if you like, and call you back."

It was not long before Mr. Leggett rang through with information that the producer was ignorant about Gloria Wray.

"The dame must be phony," he said. "Monte Ryan knows everyone on the boards. What's the big idea?"

"I wish I knew."

"Well, don't trust her farther than you can see her. Anything more?"

"I think not," said Frankie. "I'll let you know how things turn out."

Her face was worried as she replaced the receiver. She hadn't the slightest doubt now that Gloria Wray was an impostor. But what possible motive could the girl have for putting up such a pretence—even to the extent of arriving at the Colosseum with a small aviary.

As always, when in trouble, Frankie turned to Philip Trent. A phone call brought him along to the hotel immediately.

"It's certainly very queer," he agreed. "She must have some reason for carting those birds around with her."

"Seems so ridiculous, doesn't it? Why should anyone want to bring doves into a place like this?" Her dark eyes opened wide. "I say, Pip! There's only one thing for it. The doves were intended to cover up something else she brought with her."

"I don't follow."

"There was a third basket in the stock room—covered with canvas. I expect the other two were covered up in the same way when she arrived."

"Goah! I believe you've got it! Can we—"

"Why not? I'll get a pass key."

In a few minutes they were standing in the stock room, gazing at the basket by the window. Philip raised the canvas cover.

"Pigeons!" he exclaimed. "Now what the deuce does that mean?"

She shook her head. He dropped the cover.

"You were right," he pondered. "Obviously the dove-dancing pretence was adopted merely to get these pigeons into the hotel without causing any comment. Probably no one's seen them; and even if anyone has, there's no reason why suspicion should be aroused. But why are they so important? What's the purpose of bringing them here?"

"Perhaps they're homing pigeons," suggested Frankie eagerly. "Trained to carry messages."

"Or jewels!" He caught her sudden excitement. "If you pinched some valuable stones in an hotel, it would be a wonderfully safe way of passing them on. Just the thing for a man who's known to be a jewel thief, eh? It looks as though Gloria Wray may be in the same gang as that bloke you were dancing with last night."

"It certainly does, doesn't it?"

"And what about Henrik Svendsen? Is he one of them, too?"

"Heaven knows! He seemed to think that Gloria's sprained ankle was quite genuine. But he might have been acting."

"Well, in any case, there's no doubt that you've got on to something important. What are you going to do about it? Tell the house detective?"

Frankie frowned. "I think not, Pip. He's too concerned about avoiding adverse publicity for the hotel. And I've got an idea that whatever's going to happen will happen pretty soon. Looking back on our talk with Gloria and Svendsen, doesn't it strike you that there was something planned for to-day?"

"What do you suggest?"

"I think we'll ring for Inspector Pomeroy," Frankie glanced at her watch. "But before we do, let's see if Svendsen's come in. He'd an important appointment this morning. If we can find out something about that, it might give us a clue."

The key to Henrik Svendsen's room had not yet been claimed. They sat down, watching the main entrance. Svendsen caught sight of them as he entered and hurried towards them.

"You saw Gloria, Miss Leyburn?" he asked. "She is all right?"

"Except for the sprain."

"That is unfortunate. But not desperate, thank heaven!" He laughed happily. "I have good news for her. You must drink my health—what you call a quick one."

"All right," Frankie nodded at Philip, and they accompanied Svendsen to the cocktail bar. "Your appointment turned out quite satisfactory, then?"

"Better, even, than I hoped. Sir Richard was most interested. But I must say no more at the moment. It is a great secret, you understand. I can tell you only that fortune has smiled on me."

Still beaming, Svendsen ordered the drinks.

"You will forgive me if I do not delay?" he went on. "Gloria waits to hear the result of my interview. She has promised—But you shall learn all about that to-night—when we celebrate properly."

## Animal Antics



"Let's call him 'V for Victory!'"

Philip looked after him thoughtfully as he hurried away.

"Doesn't strike me as much of a crook," he murmured.

"Nor me," agreed Frankie. "But we didn't suspect Gloria Wray, either, until—We haven't a tremendous lot to go on, Pip. I'll ring Scotland Yard straight away and tell Inspector Pomeroy all about it."

Frank Pomeroy was an old acquaintance. He listened intently to the queer story, whistling softly when she told him what Svendsen had said, and about his mention of "Sir Richard."

"I wonder," he mused over the wire. "Sounds almost as though—Look here, Miss Leyburn, I haven't a doubt that you're on to something big, but just what it is I can't say at the moment. Are you doing anything special for the next half-hour?"

"I'll do anything you want."

"Fine! Just stay where you are then, and keep your eyes open for Gloria Wray or Henrik Svendsen. From what you've told me, I should imagine they'll be pretty busy for a while; but if they leave, try to find out where they're going. I'll either ring through or come along myself as soon as possible."

The next half-hour seemed to drag interminably. They were both very relieved to see Pomeroy's friendly face as he pushed through the revolving door and hurried towards them.

"Anything happened?" he asked.

"No," replied Frankie. "Neither of them has shown up."

"Good. Just wait another moment, will you? I'll be back in a jiffy."

He crossed to the reception desk, whispered a few words to the clerk, and was given a key.

"You two've done a good job of work this morning unless I'm very much mistaken," he said, returning. "Like to help a bit further?"

"Sure!"

"Then take me up to Suite 23 will you?"

Pomeroy's reason for choosing Suite 23 was soon apparent—it was directly opposite Gloria Wray's. Leading the way in he almost closed the door, leaving only a crack through which he could keep watch.

"Now I've to await developments," he explained. "There's no need for you to hang around unless you want to."

"If it wouldn't be troubling you too much, we should appreciate even a hint as to what's going on," said Philip.

"I'm afraid I can't give you much more than a hint, Mr. Trent. Officially I'm quite in the dark myself. The only thing I know is that a Sir Richard Blakeden is head of the Inventions Department at the War Office; and when Miss Leyburn phoned it occurred to me that there might be a connection. I got in touch with a friend in the Special Branch and repeated the story. He kept me waiting while he made some inquiries, then asked me to come along here straight away."

"The thing was tremendously important, and he was taking steps at once to deal with it. My job was to watch Gloria Wray's suite and make sure that no one left it."

More waiting. There was no sound from the suite opposite.

Then, quite suddenly, came a sharp crack, recognizable as the report of a gun. A moment later, Gloria Wray appeared in the corridor, agitated, running towards the lift. Pomeroy slipped out to intercept her.

"Excuse me, Miss Wray," he said. "I'm a police officer. My instructions are that no one must be allowed to leave your suite."

"But how absurd! How ridiculous! Why shouldn't I—"

"I'm sorry. Will you please go back?"

Gloria hesitated, then tossed her head.

"Very well," she said. "But I warn you there'll be trouble about your stupidity." She caught sight of Frankie and Philip. "What's the reason for this outrage, Miss Leyburn?"

Frankie looked at her bandaged ankle.

"Your sprain's soon got better," she observed.

"Oh!" Gloria Wray's lovely face darkened. "So you're responsible—because I didn't want to dance in your wretched charity show and played a little trick on Henrik. You must have a very fertile imagination if you run for the police every time someone—"

"That will do, Miss Wray," interrupted Pomeroy. "We'll come back with you—all of us."

Frankie's heart missed a beat as they entered the sitting-room of the suite and saw Henrik Svendsen sprawled on a settee. Remembering the crack of the gun, she looked for signs of a wound.

Gloria shrugged, indicating the array of bottles on the table.

"He's been celebrating too well," she said. "He's drunk."

"Drugged, you mean," said Pomeroy, raising one of the unconscious man's eyelids. "Sit down, please, Miss Wray. Don't think of anything so foolish as making a dash for the door."

"I'd like to know what you—"

"Patience. You won't have long to wait."

Only a few minutes elapsed before a tall, sandy-haired man hurried into the suite. His sharp grey eyes flickered from Gloria Wray to Henrik Svendsen; then, in approval, to Pomeroy.

"No trouble with her, I hope? Splendid. I've got all the evidence necessary." He turned to Frankie and Philip. "These the two who phoned that information through to you?"

"Yes. They're very anxious to know what it's all about."

"No reason why they shouldn't—now." John Wroughton of the Special Branch rubbed his thin, bony hands together in satisfaction. "We're very much indebted to you, Miss Leyburn. Because of your quick wit, we've been able to catch this young lady red-handed. She's a

spy, presumably in the pay of Nazi Germany."

"You'll answer for this!" stormed Gloria. "You've no proof—"

"The proof is here," said Wroughton, exhibiting a small metal cylinder. "Your game is ended, my dear, so you may as well reconcile yourself to that. It's the same old story, Miss Leyburn—a girl using her beauty to ensnare a man."

"When Inspector Pomeroy repeated what you had told him, I communicated with Sir Richard Blakeden at the War Office and found that Henrik Svendsen had visited him this morning. Brainy young fellow—he's invented a most ingenious type of magnetic mine in which the British Government definitely is interested."

"From what you'd said, it seemed clear that the supposed dove dancer was after the plans of this. She couldn't very well send the plans themselves by carrier pigeon."

"As I reasoned it out, her intention was to photograph them with a miniature camera. A really clever scheme. Because if she played her cards properly, no one need ever know that the secret of the invention was shared. The British Government would buy it. The German Government, knowing all about it, would laugh up their sleeves."

"It was obvious that we had to act quickly. Sir Richard had told Svendsen that the War Office would make him a good offer. Judging by your valuable information, the young lady had been waiting for this. I felt quite sure that she would carry out her intention at once; drug Svendsen, and take her photographs of the plans which he would be carrying about with him."

"When he recovered she would tell him that he had fallen into a drunken sleep, and he would have no reason to doubt her word, especially as the plans would still be in his pocket. But by this time the negatives would be far away. And that, of course, was what we had to prevent."

"We could have interfered earlier, but it suited us better to allow her to incriminate herself. There were two alternatives. Either she would bring a pigeon along from the stock room and release it from the window of this suite; or she would take the negatives to the stock room and release the pigeon from there. Inspector Pomeroy, watching from the suite opposite, would prevent the second happening."

"As for the first—well, I'm a pretty good shot. I found a balcony two stories down, from which I could watch the windows. I saw her toss the bird out, and had no difficulty in shooting it. As expected, this small cylinder which contains the negatives was tied to one of its legs. She'll go to prison, of course."

"But you won't catch her accomplice?" asked Philip. "The man to whom she was sending the negatives?"

"Don't be too sure about that, Mr. Trent. I had a look in the stock room. There are five pigeons—all from the same loft. I'll be bound. We shall organise a watch, and release them one by one, tying small balloons to them for identification. With a bit of luck we shall be able to trace them home."

"Come along, Miss Wray. Get your hat and coat on this time. I guess you knew the game was up when you heard the shot, didn't you? Especially when you found Inspector Pomeroy there to prevent your running away."

The red-headed girl obeyed in silence. Frankie looked at Svendsen. "Poor Henrik!" she murmured. "He'll be heartbroken."

"He's a very lucky young man, if you ask me," said Wroughton briskly. "He's a lot to thank you for, Miss Leyburn." He held out a bony hand. "May I pay a personal tribute? If you hadn't tumbled to this business, Svendsen's invention would have been lost to us by now. You'll be hearing from the War Office about it."

"That sounds rather terrifying," smiled Frankie. "We'd better have some lunch, Pip, to fortify us for the ordeal."

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### Just a Few Sips—and Like a Flash—Relief!

You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's**  
**CANADIOL**  
**MIXTURE**  
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

### Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe, and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

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# A RATION OF FUN



SHOP ASSISTANT (in the act of proposing): Remember, darling, this is the last day of this astounding offer.

## MOPSY—The cheery redhead



"Pardon me, but before you go will you count the money in my purse so I can take it off my income tax?"



"What are you thinking of, Jean?"  
"Oh, I was dreaming of my youth."  
"Ah, I could see your thoughts were far away."



"Doing sixty miles an hour you were, Miss."  
"Oh, isn't that splendid and I learnt to drive only yesterday."



## Missing HALF the fun of life?

Only half enjoy your meals?  
Only half enjoy half-a-pint?  
Only half a husband to your "better half"?  
A tonic is what you need!  
Liven yourself up with Kruschen Salts. Your system needs the salts in Kruschen. They are a tonic to your liver. They cleanse and refresh your kidneys. They stimulate your digestion. They improve your appetite.

# KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water, 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K3.18.41



"May I borrow your carpet-sweeper?"  
"Sorry, but he went into camp yesterday."

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WIFE (apologetically): I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookery book.

Husband (factually): You did quite right, darling. It should never have been there.

"YOUNG man," remonstrated the hotel manager sternly to the whistling page boy, "you should know it's against the rules of this hotel for an employee to whistle while on duty."

"I'm not whistling, sir," replied the boy, "I'm paging a guest's dog."

"MY husband and I quarrel regularly once a week."  
"Oh, we don't. My husband only gets paid once a month."

"WHAT kind of a fellow is Smith?"  
"Well, if you ever see a man trying to borrow money from another, the fellow shaking his head is Smith."

"DO you really mean to say I'm the first girl you've ever kissed?"  
"Yes, darling. Any skill I may have is inherited."

FIRST GOLFER: How do you address the ball?  
Second Golfer: Do you mean before I hit it, or after I lose it?



## 3 Amami stages for perfectly groomed hair

### Amami Shampoo

A special shampoo for every type of hair, each complete with special rinse. No. 1 for dark hair; No. 5 for fair hair; No. 7 for very fair, and Special Henna for bronze hair.

Price: 10d. per packet. (Including rinse.)

### Amami Wave Set

Set your hair according to the few simple directions, and you'll be amazed at the transformation. Not oily or sticky. One bottle will last you several weeks.

Price: 1/- per bottle.

### Amami Brilliantine

Something new! Not thick or greasy, but fine and thin . . . made for feminine beauty only. A final beauty touch! Tinted in four different tones for fair, auburn, dark and grey hair.

Price: 1/- per bottle.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie Aust. Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.I.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

**Hair Health and Beauty.. with economy!**

Healthy hair is beautiful hair; that's why Amami Shampoos make hair really lovely. The 47 health and beauty ingredients freshen up the scalp, invigorate the roots and give you the joy of gleaming, silky hair which everyone admires. Follow your shampoo with a perfect home hair setting, using a few drops of Amami Wave Set. When your hair is quite dry, brushed out in its smooth, shining waves, it is ready for the final beauty touch . . . Amami Tinted Brilliantine. This is the complete Amami treatment for hair beauty . . . and at a cost to suit your budget.

# AMAMI

for  
HAIR BEAUTY



# An Editorial

AUGUST 2, 1941

## .... — IT'S "V" FOR VICTORY

**V** BRITAIN'S "V for Victory" campaign has in one sweep disposed of the accusation that her propaganda lacks imagination.

In a few weeks the "V" symbol has spread round the world.

It has been chalked up and painted up and plastered in posters in free countries with zest and vigor.

In enemy countries and in occupied lands it has appeared overnight to confound the Gestapo and enrage the Fuehrer.

The dot-dot-dot-dash of the Morse "V" and the opening bar of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which repeats that beat, are ringing round the world.

The simplicity of the idea is its inspiration.

The campaign proves that Britain is aware of the great underground army she can enlist in the fight for freedom.

To these secret soldiers she has given a code and rallying cry.

And there's a further meaning to be read into the campaign success.

Many times in the past year or more a Briton's firm belief that we will beat Hitler was an act of faith rather than a hard-headed reading of the military situation.

To-day there are facts and figures to support that faith.

Russia has put up a magnificent resistance, wrecking enemy armies.

The R.A.F. has announced its best week of the war.

American aid is pouring across the Atlantic.

So the "V for Victory" campaign could be launched in confidence, to comfort and support despairing victims of the enemy, to put new hope into the faint-hearted and to fire stout hearts to fresh efforts.

Let's each chalk up his own "V for Victory" and get on with the job.

# Letters from our Boys

A STORY of a private two-hour armistice to enable the Germans to collect their dead and wounded is told in a letter from a lance-corporal in the Middle East which wins first prize this week.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of, or extracts from, letters. Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used and a minimum of 5/- for all other extracts published.

A lance-corporal in the Middle East to a friend at Ulamambri, N.S.W.:

"A RATHER curious thing happened a little while back. We had a private two-hour armistice with the Germans.

"During the night they turned on an attack and tried to break through where we were holding the line.

"We gave them whaffor and licked the socks off them and chased them back.

"The next morning they asked for a truce to collect their wounded and dead, and it was granted, so we all climbed out of trenches to stretch our legs.

"The Germans did the same, and we were sitting up on the parapets waving and singing out to them.

"There were shouts of 'Heil Hitler.' 'How would a pint of beer go, mate?' 'Have another go to-night,' and many other remarks not so complimentary.

"The enemy were doing the same, and our own stretcher-bearers went out and gave them a hand to dress the wounded.

"After the wounded had all been carted back a red flare went up to signify that the truce was finished, so we gave each other a final wave and coo-ee and climbed back into shelter.

"Then fighting started again as though nothing had happened. Since then a few of our lads have been hit and the Jerries have respected our stretcher-bearers and haven't fired on them."

Private J. W. Medhurst in hospital in Palestine to his sister at Hutchinson St., East Brunswick, Vic.:

"THE sisters here are wonderfully kind, always have a cheery word and smile and nothing seems a trouble for them.

"I had a treat last night. The Palestine Orchestra was giving a Mozart concert at Rehoveth, and the sister in charge of our ward told me about it.

"On finding that I used to sing in the Philharmonic Society she got leave for me to go with them.

"I thought there would only be a few going, but when I got to the bus there was the O.C. of the hospital, the matron, and the bus full of officers and sisters.

"There was I, the only private, and all I had to wear were my shorts and shirt.

"They made me most welcome, and after the concert took me in to the official dinner. There was I sitting among the heads of our army, and who should walk in but my major.

"I had to laugh at his expression when they told him I was an official guest. There is no doubt you have some fun as a social-climber, don't you!"

Sapper J. H. Davidson in hospital in the Middle East to his sister at Cardiff Heights, N.S.W.:

"WHEN we were on our way to Corinth our party had to blow up a crossing before we went on our way.

"Four of us were picked for the job, and as the shells and bombs were falling round

## Winnie the War Winner



"Look, Captain, even the whales are spouting 'V' for Victory."

us rather solidly we decided to move the truck to a quieter spot, so we headed for a clump of trees some distance away.

"We were unlucky. Three hedge-hopping Stukas caught us, killed one 20-year-old lad, and wounded two of us. Luckily Jim was unhurt, and managed to shift the truck under the trees, where he tied up our wounds.

"The lad who was killed had earlier in the day pointed out the clump of trees and suggested it as a good place for a sleep, and there they buried him. Such a good game kid, and only 20. It was so sad seeing him laid to rest there.

"Within three-quarters of an hour an ambulance arrived, and with it a major of the field ambulance. He patched us up properly, talking to us as though he were in his surgery at home, and not in that hot spot.

"The ambulance drove us to a dressing-station, 10 miles away, picked up four more wounded and we drove 100 miles to Athens.

"At first we were sent to a Greek hospital. My mate had his shoulder shattered with an explosive bullet, and a machine-gun bullet had entered my chest above the right armpit, and passed out through the middle of my back.

"That night those who could be moved were taken to an Australian hospital.

"During the day I managed to get up for drinks of water, and that was a great stroke of luck for me, as 12 of us who were able to walk were picked up by a Tommy artillery battery and left with the last batch.

"I am in an Australian hospital now. The bullet missed the lung and bones, and has damaged the nerves of the right hand. However, though it will probably mean another six months in hospital, my hand in time will be all right."

Private A. S. Watts in the Middle East to his mother at 4 Tointon St., Too-woomba, Qld.:

"ONE Italian prisoner we took was very arrogant. He said to a Tommy officer: 'You can't win. Heaven is on our side.'

"'Oh,' said the Tommy officer, 'but we have the Aussies on our side.'

"One of our platoons was out on a stunt the other night and the sergeant told the sentry that there were some old Arab graves in the vicinity, and that the Arabs would come every night and chant over them.

"The sentry swallowed this yarn, and about midnight he heard a weird wailing. He started to edge towards his lines, and dropped his rifle with fright when the sergeant clapped a hand on his shoulder and asked what he was doing.

"He was pretty sore when he was told that the wailing had been done by four of his cobsers to give the rest of the platoon a laugh."

Private J. J. Maloney in Syria to his wife at Goolwa, S.A.:

"I AM in Syria, and took part in the move across the border. I live and sleep in trenches. At the moment the heavy artillery is booming away some miles distant.

"Just now I am having a few days' rest after 10 days in action. This is a beautiful country, and it's a pity there has to be a war here. I have seen the ancient city of Tyre.

"Last week I saw part of the British navy in action, and, believe me, they make no mistake about it when they start.

"The main roads here are very good, and petrol is about eightpence a gallon.

"It should be a great place to tour in, but not just at present."

Private Tom Morgan in Syria to a friend at Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.:

"DON'T think the Foreign Legion consists of Beau Geste, as some of them are very bad-looking coves.

"We gave some of them a feed the other night, and they said it was the first feed for three days. They seemed amazed that we lived on such luxuries as bully beef and boiled spuds.

"They are of every known nationality, a few surly, but most seemed pleased with things.

"I gave one chap a packet of cigarettes, and when I would not take any money for them he nearly cried, and shook hands.

"Our evening meal is arriving now. I bet two shillings it is bully beef.

"Well, we disposed of that. I won the two shillings as it was bully beef stew. Must have been favored, as I got a whole carrot.

"Sometimes we score something extra good. Last Saturday week for breakfast I had lamb's fry and bacon, and fried rabbit.

"Some of the lads had killed a goat, so I grabbed the fry. The bacon was issue, and the rabbit had evidently been a pet, as I caught it in a house which had been knocked down by the guns.

"A couple of days ago two of us caught three chooks and a turkey. We cleaned them, and the cook was to get them ready for us for dinner next day, but at 11.30 I received orders to shift back to brigade headquarters. You can imagine what I said."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP





## WHO SAID IT WAS ALL DINNERS &amp; DANCES, HUM?



"... the boys were coming in from morning training, the jungle sweat pouring down their faces and their clothes sticking."



"The boys have killed large snakes ... a few have been chased by wild boars."



"Our tin hats get so hot you can't touch them."



"Six miles in the jungle is like twelve in Australia."



"... raked the undergrowth to make sure there were no scorpions."

## Malayan tour inspired A.I.F. cartoonist

Adele Shelton Smith replies with Wep's help

An amusing sequel to The Australian Women's Weekly articles on Malaya is a cartoon in one of the battalion journals.

These articles were written by Adele Shelton Smith, who went with photographer Bill Brindle on this special assignment to tell readers how the A.I.F. was faring.

Since their return they have received hundreds of letters from mothers, wives, and sweethearts, and members of the A.I.F. in Malaya congratulating them on the stories and photographs.

**B**ATTALION, artist McAllister, however, decided to be different. He cheerfully disregards references in stories and pictures to the more serious side of the A.I.F.'s life in Malaya, and lodges a complaint, in amusing drawings.

Editor Pie. "Joe" Wilson has sent the paper to Mrs. Shelton Smith and asked her to accept the challenge and send a reply.

Wep, The Australian Women's Weekly artist, has drawn a cartoon in the same spirit as McAllister's, illustrating actual quotations from some of Mrs. Shelton Smith's stories, and she has written this letter to the editor:

Dear Editor.—When I went to Malaya I thought I might have to fight tigers and pythons, but didn't expect I'd have to scrap with some of the A.I.F., too!

I know the tropical climate makes your eyes tired, but some of you can't read your papers thoroughly up there.

You particularly, as editor of an important newspaper, should read every word carefully.

If you had, you'd have seen that besides "dinners and dances," I made frequent references to (a) hard work, (b) sweat, (c) sweat, (d) more sweat, (e) prickly heat, (f) scorpions, (g) eagerness to go into action, (h) home-sickness.

Apparently the womenfolk read their papers more thoroughly than you do.

As a result of our stories, a couple of speeches I've made, and numerous chats with wives, mothers, and sweethearts, there are a lot of good deeds being done for you.

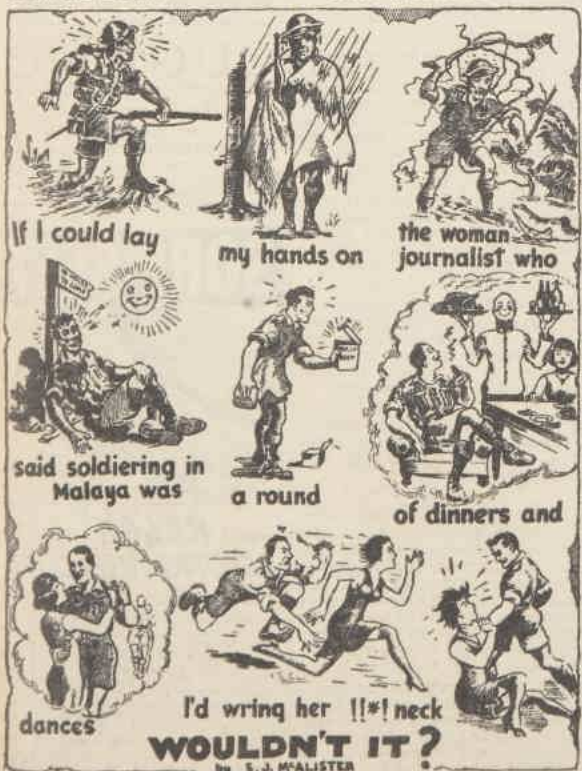
Dozens of people with no relatives of their own in Malaya have offered to write to lonely men there; others volunteered to send newspapers and comforts.

A little auxiliary in the suburbs rang me to say they had bought 1300 books to send immediately to Malaya, and so many women are sending you home-made cakes there must be an endless chain of them across the sea by now.

Is your face red, Mr. Editor?

My love to the troops.

Yours sincerely,  
THAT WOMAN JOURNALIST.



McALLISTER'S CARTOON in the journal of a battalion in Malaya.



WEP'S DRAWING, illustrating quotations from Adele Shelton Smith's stories on the A.I.F. in Malaya.

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R.M.



# PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

## ★★★ THIS THING CALLED LOVE

(Week's Best Release)

Melvyn Douglas, Rosalind Russell. (Columbia.)

WHILE strictly adult fare, this is gay, witty, polished farce that is one hearty laugh from beginning to end.

Theme turns on a marriage in name only, with all the implications. Situations and dialogue are, however, treated in a suave, skilful manner.

Very much in love with Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas reluctantly consents to a platonic marriage for three months, as a kind of insurance against divorce.

Prom then on it's a waiting game, until one or the other gives in, with a complicated business deal and a

blonde secretary (Binnie Barnes) in the mad mix-up.

Douglas, as the unhappy bridegroom, and Rosalind, beautifully gowned and photographed, are delightful. Allyn Joslyn as Douglas' harassed business associate and Sig Arno as a comical butler are amusing.—State; showing.

## ★★ ONE NIGHT IN LISBON

Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll. (Paramount.)

WARTIME London and neutral Lisbon are the backgrounds for this entertaining romantic comedy which adds a German spy ring for an exciting finish.

The very up-to-the-minute hero, Fred MacMurray, is an American pilot who ferries bombers across the Atlantic; the heroine, Madeleine Carroll, is an English girl who is

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

volunteer chauffeur to a British Cabinet Minister (Edmund Gwenn).

Fred chases the outwardly unresponsive Madeleine all over London, pleading his love, and then to Lisbon when she undertakes a special mission for the Cabinet Minister. And that's where the German spies, headed by Reginald Denny, enter the picture.

Madeleine Carroll, slimmer and lovely, and the likeable, boisterous MacMurray make an attractive romantic team.

John Loder as the British naval officer, Madeleine's ex-fiancee, and Patricia Morison as Fred's ex-wife who turns up in Lisbon add to the fun.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ MEET THE CHUMP

Hugh Herbert, Jeanne Kelly. (Universal.)

HERE is yet another comedy about a schemer who pretends to be insane and finds himself in an asylum.

This time scatterbrain Hugh Herbert does the crazy act (and who can wonder that he finds it so easy to put over?). Herbert takes his nephew (Lewis Howard) along with him.

The pair escape, pursued by an attractive nurse (Jeanne Kelly) with whom the personable nephew falls in love.

This is certainly one of Herbert's most fantastic comedies, but it will entertain you, especially if you're a Hugh Herbert fan.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## ★ SIGN OF THE WOLF

Michael Whalen. (B.E.F.)

CANINE intelligence and gallantry form the theme of this Jack London melodrama of Canadian fur-trapping country.

Returning home by plane to Canada with her two dogs, Shadow and Smoky, heroine Grace Bradley is forced down in a snowstorm. Smoky escapes, and is captured by



MR. AND MRS. JACK OAKIE (Venita Varden) having a grand time at a party at the popular Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Los Angeles.

crooks who teach him to steal pelt. Shadow remains to look after Grace, and gets the blame for Smoky's misdeeds.

Michael Whalen, as the young fox-trapper, and Grace Bradley, charmingly befuddled, make an attractive romantic couple, but this film is aimed first for the dog-lovers.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful comedy. Liberty, 16th week.

★★★ I Wanted Wings. Ray Milland, William Holden in spectacular aviation drama. Prince Edward, 4th week.

★★★ Love Crazy. Myrna Loy, William Powell in riotously funny marital farce. St. James, 2nd week.

★★ Strawberry Blonde. James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland in

quaintly refreshing gay 'nineties comedy. Regent, 3rd week.

★★ The Great Lie. Bette Davis, George Brent in strongly appealing women's drama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ Buck Privates. Abbott and Costello in rollicking comedy of the draft. Embassy, 2nd week.

★ Call a Cop. George Formby, Dorothy Hyson in only fair farce. Lyceum, 4th week.

★ Road Show. Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis in uneven slapstick. Plaza, 2nd week.

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CUTS	HOW TO USE	CHARACTERISTICS
Leg and Chump	Roast, or as Chump Chops.	Fine-grained, well-flavored, solid meat, small percentage fat and bone.
Loin	Roast, Chops, Crown Roast.	Fine-grained, tender, well-mottled with fat—choice.
Neck	Chopped for patties, stew, soup, or as cannelloni.	Juicy, coarse-textured— inexpensive.
Shoulder	Roast, Stewed, Braised.	Very juicy, sweet meat, slightly fatter than other parts, medium texture.
Breast	Boned, rolled, stuffed and roasted—on cannelloni, as flank steak, chopped for steaks and soups or corned and boiled.	Juicy—coarse-grained, some fat, highly-flavored; breast contains considerable bone.
Shank	For Stew or Soup.	

So that ships may be freed to send munitions and supplies to our troops abroad, Lamb usually exported must be consumed in Australia. Serve it often to your family.



HELP WIN THE WAR  
IN YOUR KITCHEN

Serve more

# LAMB

(Issued by Department of Commerce)

## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and  
BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

HEATHER ANGEL was granted a divorce from Ralph Forbes last week when she gave evidence that Forbes had slapped her during an argument.

Both British stars are working in Hollywood; they have been married six years. Forbes was previously the husband of American actress Ruth Chatterton.

PRISCILLA LANE's second marriage will not be secret. Her parents have announced her engagement to likeable, good-looking John Barry, newspaper publisher.

John presented his fiancée with a diamond ring which has been in his family for a hundred years. They are not setting the date for the wedding because John may be called up in the draft.

Priscilla, you will remember, was secretly married a year to Oren Haglund. Then it was disclosed only because she filed suit for divorce.

MERLE OBERON carries her vitamin pills in a tiny Chinese pill-box which she wears anchored to a silver charm bracelet.

RONALD SINCLAIR, young New Zealander, who has been receiving congratulations for his work in "That Hamilton Woman," is organising a group of teen-age movie actors to work for the benefit of British youngsters. He plans to put on a show of screen juvenile talent, the proceeds of which are to be sent to London.

MIRIAM HOPKINS dropped into Hollywood from New York with two pieces of news. Firstly, she has brought a bundle of manuscripts with her which she is going to show to various producers as possible film material for herself. Among the scripts is a play, "Georges Sand."

The other item is Miriam's news of the young French girl whose career she is sponsoring, a 13-year-old actress named Gaby Labas. Gaby is in New York with her mother awaiting Miriam's call to Hollywood and a possible picture career.

MAE WEST is going to make another picture. William Shapiro, who discovered Bobby Breen, has signed her for the role of an ex-glamor girl. He hopes to get John Barrymore to play opposite her.

GAYLORD HAUSER is back in town, with the result that Garbo is a much gayer person. He calls to see her every day.

JEAN GABIN, the French actor now in Hollywood, has a unique system for learning English. He sees one of Clark Gable's pictures every day. Believing Gabin will learn the colloquial American speech faster this way, his dietitian teacher has selected Gable as the American equivalent of the French actor.

THE screen version of that sophisticated comedy, "When Ladies Meet," will present a brilliant lineup of players. Not only will Joan Crawford and Greer Garson be starred, but the third of the triangle will be handsome Bob Taylor.



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# The Movie World

August 2, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

15

## Two hearts beat in swing time

JUDY GARLAND AND  
NEW FIANCE DAVE  
ROSE ARE BOTH  
KEEN MUSIC FANS

By JOAN McLEOD  
in Hollywood

EVER since nineteen-year-old Judy Garland announced her engagement to musician Dave Rose a few weeks ago I've been hearing mournful sighs: "What a pity! She's so young. It only seems yesterday when she was wearing short socks and gingham frocks."

"Why, he must be years older than Judy—and isn't he Martha Raye's ex-husband?"

At the same age Deanna Durbin married Vaughn Paul, with the blessings of the sentimental movie colony.

Everybody beams indulgently on Jackie Cooper when he takes out eighteen-year-old Bonita Granville.

But they can't understand what Judy sees in a man her senior by so many years, and apparently so different from herself.

Let me explain. For this attachment goes much deeper than the "schoolgirl crush" it's popularly supposed to be.



JUDY and Dave, a man in his early thirties, have known each other for years—so long, in fact, that Judy says she can't remember when their friendship began.

Dave is a musical director for four radio programmes. He arranges the songs himself.

Judy has always loved music, too—although until recently she could neither read a note nor play an instrument.

She has begun to learn the piano at home—with her mother teaching her.

Their mutual interest in music drew the pair together. After Dave's divorce from Martha Raye last year, the friendship slowly blossomed into romance.

Knowing Judy, I have never been surprised that she should choose to marry a man older than herself.

The lads who belong to her own social set are enthusiastic youngsters like Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Dan Dailey, jun.

But this nineteen-year-old is ambitious; she wants to make something big of her life; she's after more than parties and fun.

Learning the piano is just one manifestation of her desire for self-expression.

She has just written a book of poetry. Does that surprise you? But, terribly shy about it, she had just a few copies bound, and sent them only to her very dearest friends.

When she was writing it David was very sympathetic and encouraging to the young poet, far more than her youthful friends could ever have been. And that's where the older companionship and wisdom that Rose can offer are so important to Judy. There you have one reason for their warm, sincere attachment.

Often Dave will spend an evening



• She will marry musician Dave Rose in January. Judy Garland as she appears in her latest MGM film, "The Ziegfeld Girl," with Charles Winninger, who plays her father.

with Judy in her new Brentwood home, where the pair work together for hours over a new song.

They do most of the arrangements for Judy's records this way.

And that isn't all. I trace Dave's influence in Judy's new thirst for knowledge. A couple of years ago Judy told her teacher she was going to leave school the day she turned eighteen, whether she'd finished her course or not.

Meanwhile Dave came on the scene.

The day after her eighteenth birthday Judy walked into her classroom, sat down at the same old despondent desk, and told her surprised teacher that she wanted to finish her four-year high school course, and would sit for the examination at the end of the year with the rest of the class!

There is no doubt that Judy and Dave are deeply in love. You have only to see them together at Ciro's, Judy looking lovely, smiling happily, Dave with eyes for no one else.

They plan to marry in January. And it's going to be a formal wedding, with music, of course, and a big reception. "I want all my friends to come," says Judy.

And her career? Judy told me her ambition before she became engaged. "I want to be a really great actress and singer, too. I mean to work on Broadway."

"I don't think I could ever give up my career altogether. If a man loved me enough to ask me to marry him, he wouldn't want me to."

"He'd be interested in my work, too, wouldn't he?"

And I haven't a doubt in the world that Judy is right.

## SORRY FOR THEMSELVES...

□ FILM-MAKING is not always as pleasant as it would seem. This week's sufferers in the cause of duty are:

□ FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, William Powell, who had to dress up as a woman for "Love Crazy," complete with wig, trailing gown, lipstick, and powder. Bill was so embarrassed that he refused to permit anybody on the set except those directly concerned with the making of that scene.

□ OUT-OF-SEASON HERO, John Payne, who had to don heavy skiing clothes and huddle over a roaring fire on a blazing hot day for scenes in the Sonja Henie film, "Sun Valley." Beads of perspiration were chasing down his nose. The thermometer in a corner of the set read 98 degrees.

□ GREAT LOVER, Andy Devine, who actually blushed under his make-up as he finished the first romantic scene of his career—opposite Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans." Only too glad that the ordeal was over, the bulky comedian hurried over to director Rene Clair for further instructions. Clair pointed to a bucket and scrubbing brush. "Get down on your hands and knees, and scrub that deck," ordered the pitiless director.



# NOW THEY'RE ALL JOINING UP

## Robert Montgomery heads list of recent American recruits

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

**E**VERYONE knows that the screen is day by day losing American actors to compulsory military training. But few people realise how many American actors are to-day joining the United States forces as volunteers.

The most prominent of recent volunteer recruits is Robert Montgomery, whose enlistment in the United States Navy was announced last month.

Unlike a lot of actors, Montgomery has always believed that there is a world outside Hollywood, and that he, as a member of this world, must take part in its affairs.

This was why Montgomery acted as an ambulance driver in France last year. This was why since his return he has become president of the British War Relief in Hollywood, and has spent a great deal of time campaigning for British war funds.

"I try to get away from Hollywood whenever possible to brush elbows with the outside world and see what is going on."

Bob made this statement only a few weeks before he joined the navy.

He will find several familiar Hollywood faces already there.

Paramount player Leif Erickson, who used to be married to Frances Farmer, is training at a naval depot. Wayne Morris has joined the Fleet Air Arm.

### In naval reserve

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN.**, holds a commission as junior grade lieutenant in the Naval Reserve—and hopes that he may be posted to active service. Doug has just returned from South America, where, at the behest of President Roosevelt, he undertook a goodwill tour.

The British forces have accepted American as well as British film figures. Mary Astor's husband, Manuel del Campo, is training with the Royal Canadian Air Force at Penhold, Alberta. Instructors in Canada are Homer Perry, who helped to write "Test Pilot," and "Knicker" Knickerbocker, who was one of our best-known local publicity men.

And, of course, there is Jackie Coogan, who is still determined to get into the Canadian Air Force somehow. His application for an instructor's job was turned down because he hadn't the required number of flying hours. He has been unsuccessful in other attempts since.

But, says Mr. Coogan, "I'd just like to do a little bit to help"—and he means it too.

Part-time volunteers are John Trent and Robert Cummings. Trent, who used to be an air-mail pilot, then became a Paramount actor, is now ferrying to Canada war-planes destined for Britain. He has a signed agree-



• His fiancée Patricia Stewart congratulates Wayne Morris on his acceptance for the U.S. Naval Air Arm.



• Gilbert Roland and wife Constance Bennett at their last party before he left for camp.



• He has changed his uniform. Robert Montgomery, seen above in U.S. private's garb for Universal's forthcoming picture, "Unfinished Business," is now a U.S. Navy recruit.



• Leif Erickson, former Paramount player, joined the U.S. Navy four weeks ago.



• Cuban Manuel del Campo, husband of actress Mary Astor, is in Canada's Air Force.



• United States Army Air Corps member James Stewart is seen above (in background) having his first camp meal. James has just been back to Hollywood on leave.

ment for this work—and his picture jobs must be fitted in.

Robert Cummings has already done one stunt as ferry-pilot and hopes to do others.

Older members of the motion picture industry are on the reserve lists of the forces, and many of them, like director W. S. Van Dyke, Jimmy's horror of publicity stunts in connection with his military training has increased—if possible—with the months!

Do not be surprised if some of the film-world's draftees turn their

year of compulsory military training into a "for the duration" affair.

You know, of course, that James Stewart is in an army air corps camp. James had leave recently and spent it very quietly here with friends like the Henry Fonda.

Jimmy's horror of publicity stunts in connection with his military training has increased—if possible—with the months!

Gilbert Roland has gone into a camp at a considerable distance from here—which has caused great lamentation on the part of wife Constance Bennett.

Among the others who registered, and may find themselves in the army before long, are Robert Taylor, William Holden, Cesar Romero, Franchot Tone, and Tony Martin.

Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Jef-

frey Lynn, Lew Ayres and Robert Young are eligible for service, too. So are Dennis Morgan, John Garfield, Eddie Albert, Noah Beery, jun., Tim Holt and John Payne.

Only those between the ages of 21 and 36 had to register originally. Comedian Mischa Auer just made it. Registration day came just a couple of weeks before his 36th birthday.

Don Ameche comes within the age limit, but if he wants to claim exemption when his call-up comes he'll have five good reasons for doing so—a wife and four small sons who are dependent on his movie earnings.

By the time you read this some of these men may be in camp; some more may have volunteered; for there are dozens who are eager to follow the Montgomerys, the del Campos and the Ericksons.





### FROM DAWN TILL DUSK

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*Lournay*  
**COSMETICS**



# When Gable sneezes . . .

it may cost the studio a fortune

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

IF you or I sneeze, nobody takes any notice. But when Clark Gable sneezes and the rafters shake (nothing but a good, he-man sneeze for Gable, of course), shivers of apprehension run up and down the studio production manager's spine.

For if Gable arrives on the set next morn-

ing clutching his nose with one handkerchief and dabbing at reddened eyes with another, then there will be a "production delay," that ogre of Hollywood movie-making. He'll have to be sent home, because even Gable can't look handsome and dashing and romantic with a cold in the head.

And they'll have to juggle the picture's schedule and photograph around him, or, more likely, stop filming altogether while he fights

the bacteria. And the production expense, that dreadful overhead, will start rolling up—£1000 a day, or maybe £1700, or even £10,000 if it's an epic film with acres of sets, thousands of extras all waiting.

Because such delays are so extraordinarily costly the studios spare no expense in attempting to outwit the twin menaces of illness and accident.

Every major studio has its own fully-equipped hospital run by a first-class doctor who is on duty for several hours during the day, and on call at all times. An efficient nurse is stationed in the hospital all day.

Most of these studio nurses have held their jobs for years, and are treated as old friends by the stars who pop in to have fingers bandaged, throats sprayed, and headaches soothed.

Flu is probably the worst enemy of film schedules, and during the flu season the studio nurse spends most of her time going from set to set spraying the throats of prop boys and technicians, directors and stars, to lessen the possibility of infection.

When Irene Dunne, working with a small baby for scenes in "Penny Serenade," fell a cold coming on, the studio nurse was promptly summoned to wield the throat spray before each scene. Babies, of course, are given infinite care.

By careful study studio safety committees are constantly reducing the rate of accidents on the sets or on location, but every once in a while something unforeseen happens.

Making storm scenes for "Arise, My Love," Claudette Colbert was knocked down by a fake wave, suffering a wrenched ankle and nasty bruises. She was able to resume work in a short while, however, with a prop man assigned to carry her from dressing-room to set, and studio nurse Lillian Rock hovering about to keep her ankle taped up.

Oddly enough, sunburn used to run flu a close second as a schedule disrupter.

## All burnt up!

IN two successive summers Bette Davis went down with sunburn poisoning, and had to retire to her bed for weeks on end, wreaking havoc with production schedules. Now at many of the studios the nurse sends out a little summer bulletin of "rules for sensible sunbathing."

There are plenty of amusing tales in the case records of the studio hospitals. When twenty-stone Laird Cregar contracted measles during the shooting of "Blood and Sand," the entire company was thrown into a panic.

Then there was the awful day on the set of another million-dollar production, when a prop man casually remarked that he was worn out from sitting up all night with his three kids who were in bed with chicken-pox! How ever, that little scare also fizzled out after a few anxious days.

Nurse Lillian Rock, who has been at the Paramount hospital for over twelve years, still chuckles over the case of the movie "pirate" who fell from a mast during the shooting of a sea epic, suffering slight leg injuries. Nurse Rock treated one leg, and the studio carpenter shop patched up the other, which was wooden!



"Whew! I was in a fix!"

"Found sis weeping fit to break your heart. Seems she thought Johnny was growing cold—trying to stall her off."

"Well, honestly sis, I said, 'you do get all hot and bothered at dances and such. Do you ever see me that way?' No sir! I can romp all day and still stay cool and fresh—'cause I use Johnson's Baby Powder."



"Well, that fixed it alright, sis started in using my Johnson's Baby Powder after her own bath, and now she is 'tops' with Johnny again—he's around the place all hours."

Johnson's Baby Powder—intended originally to keep the skin of a baby sweet and lovable, is by far the best for your own use. Sprinkle it over your limbs after the bath and you will retain a fragrance and a freshness all day or all evening.

# Johnson's BABY Powder

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modest, etc.

A6-41



● Lucky was the prop man who carried Claudette Colbert from dressing-room to set for a week so that her wrenched ankle would not hold up a Paramount film.

A modern young miss, full of beauty and charm.  
Unfortunately not with a bull on a farm.  
But a ju-derious sprint.  
Saved a fall imminent—  
Preserving her "Twyn-Sylks" from harm.

It's the Fashion

TO WEAR

# KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY

For the daily round — KAYSER  
Stockings! Sturdy "Twyn-Sylks"  
for work and sports. Elegant Mir-o-  
Kleer Sheers to accompany afternoon  
frocks. On the dance-floor go grand  
in Kayser Super Sheers. "Twyn-  
Sylks" from 4/11. Mir-o-kleer  
Sheers and Super Sheers 5/11 to 9/11.

Definitely—  
I'm a ONE BRAND  
woman now —  
I insist on KAYSER

IF THEY FIT THE ANKLE WITHOUT A WRINKLE... THEY'RE KAYSER



# GHOSTLY GOINGS-ON



**1 TRAVELLERS** Ann (Carole Landis), Gail (Joan Blondell), with taxi driver Bob (O'Keefe) are in mystery accident.

**2 A FALLING** chandelier greets the pair on arrival in gloomy home of Ann's long-lost father, and they both narrowly escape injury.



**3 EXCHANGING BEDROOMS** with Ann, Gail is transformed by a stabbing into a ghost who can materialise at will, and promptly enlists the aid of neighbor Topper (Roland Young) in search for her murderer.

**4 SUSPICIOUS** Mrs. Topper (Billie Burke) and maid (Patsy Kelly) are informed by Topper's flustered valet (Rochester) that his master has gone on a business trip.



**5 TOPPER** is, however, being dragged by the fetching and resourceful Gail into hair-raising sleuthing adventures which include midnight search of a mystery ship.



**6 CALLED IN** by the distracted Bob and Ann, the police suspect Topper of murdering Gail, who has chosen this singularly awkward moment to disappear altogether.



**PROVED By Thousands**

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how thin your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful-eyelid fringe. If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post-free from Le Charme, Dept. N.S.2, P.O. Box 2236, Sydney.

**Permanent HAIR REMOVER**  
Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., positively removed, and the roots destroyed. FOR GOOD! Satisfaction or money back guaranteed! If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post-free from Le Charme, Box 2236, Sydney.

## TOPPER RETURNS

**THIRD** of the madcap trick Topper films, based on the amusing Thorne Smith novels, "Topper Returns" presents Roland Young once again as Topper, and Billie Burke as his wife. Joan Blondell plays the mischievous, meddling ghost who nearly causes a crisis in the Topper family.

Like its predecessors this film, with its ghost who can materialise at will, is flip-pant, novelty farce. Its plot has, however, a thrilling murder mystery as well.

SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT LOVE. IF LUX TOILET SOAP IS HOLLYWOOD'S CHOICE I GUESS IT'S THE SOAP FOR ME



LORETTA YOUNG SAID LUX TOILET SOAP LEAVES SKIN FRESH AND SWEET. AND IT DOES! YET IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE BECAUSE IT LASTS SO LONG



YOU'RE SO KISSABLE, MY DARLING. I COULD LOVE YOU FOR EVERMORE!



A LEVER PRODUCT

LT 6 18

"NOTHING IS SO IMPORTANT TO LOVE AS LOVELINESS... LOVELY SMOOTH SKIN. A DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH LEAVES SKIN FRESH AND FRAGRANT TOO! IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE"

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Loretta Young

**LUX TOILET SOAP**

is supercreamed—gives a rich, luxurious lather



LORETTA YOUNG'S OWN WORDS ARE IMPORTANT TO EVERY GIRL...



# SATIN NIGHTIE

... designed for a trousseau

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

And although it looks like an expensive model, you'll find it easy to make with a paper pattern.

**Y**OU will look as pretty as a picture in this glamorous nightgown made of gleaming crepe satin in the palest shell-pink, with a deep-plunging V neckline edged with scalloped ecru lace which matches the narrower lace on the dainty petal sleeves.

Delicate touches of flower embroidery in their natural colorings enhance the beauty of the bodice, which is kept in place by a narrow ribbon sash tied at the back. If one of your friends is going to be married, what lovelier gift could you give her for her trousseau than this nightie?

Ask for paper pattern No. 107 at our Needlework Department. It is priced at 1/10, and is cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. You will need 3½yds. to 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

## ENGAGING OVERALL

**A** PRACTICAL garment for small girls, because it is guaranteed to protect their delicate little frocks, even in tomboyish games. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality linora which washes and launders beautifully. Traced on cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The pattern and embroidery design are clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

Sizes 2-4 years, 2/3 each; 4-6 years, 2/9 each; 6-8 years, 3/6 each. Plus 3d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/- each.

No embroidery design available.



No. 105

105.—A pretty and practical little overall that emerges from every tubbing looking as bright as the day it was made.



107.—A lovely new style in nighties, with flattering lace-trimmed bodice and beautifully cut skirt. Paper pattern, 1/10.

## Start baby right...

in these soft protective weaves



From the day they are born, babies are safe and cosy in genuine English Viyella and Clydella. No amount of washing can shrink or thicken these dainty fabrics, nor "yellow" the popular cream qualities. See also the plain colours and new check and floral designs.

Cream Viyella: 27" 31" 36" 6/3 7/3 8/9

Cream Clydella: 27" 31" 35" 4/11 5/9 6/3

If unable to obtain locally, write for free patterns to Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., Box 3335 PP, G.P.O., Sydney. For Nursery Knitting Book, enclose 5d. plus 1d. postage (in stamps).



If—they shrink, we replace

**'Viyella' and 'Clydella'**  
MADE IN ENGLAND



OBTAIN this brand new set from our Needlework Department now.

## Sentimental heart design... for duchesse set and pillow-shams

**A** NOVEL duchesse set with matching pillow-shams that will work miracles in charm for your bedroom.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on sheer linen in white, pink, blue, lemon or green, and a deep cream tussore shade. Embroider edge in buttonhole-stitch, and flowers in satin-stitch, also centres. Bells are worked in satin-stitch, and stamens in stem-stitch.

Duchesse set measures 12ins. x 17ins. for centre, and small mats 9ins. x 9ins.

Pillow-shams measure 17ins. x 27ins.

Prices: Duchesse set, 2/9 complete; pillow-shams, 4/6 each.

Or complete set, comprising two pillow-shams and one duchesse set, 10/9. Plus 3d. extra for postage.



No. 104

## Pretty little apron...

**T**HIS apron, with its effective design and two handy pockets, is available at our Needlework Department, traced ready to cut out, machine the edges, and then embroider. It is so attractive that you will want to leave it on even after your guests arrive.

It is traced on good quality

with gay flowers embroidered in bright colors.

linora in cream, blue, lemon, green, and pink. Sizes to fit 32 to 38-inch bust measurement.

When the embroidery has been completed, turn a small hem around edges, and machine. Fix pockets in position and gather fullness around waist to fit waist-band, then stitch in position.

Price 2/11 each, plus 3d. for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/- each. No embroidery transfer available.

Stranded cottons in all shades are obtainable from our Needlework Department at 2d. skein.

## SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4068W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 2, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

## CASUAL CLOTHES *for week-ending*

• Tremendously full lounge pyjamas in soft, mauvish-grey angora with yoke and sleeves in white and purple, and a broad purple band running down the trousers.

• Unusual slacksuit, sleekly tailored in heavy, vivid green wool and worn with a loose silk shirt-bouse striped in purple and white.



• Light-brown wool culottes, pleated to give the fullness of a skirt, worn with a matching box jacket and kindled with a bright yellow blouse and slouch hat. A green belt accents the waist.

• For tennis — trim, boyish shorts and blouse of white shark-skin covered with a long, pocketed jacket of crushed strawberry wool with hand-knitted yoke and waistband.

*Rose*



# WINTER has its final fling . . .



• Dressmaker ensemble with casually tailored coat in apple-green soft tweed, lined with the same print as the frock beneath. Diamond and ruby swivel clips garnish the lapels.

• Ideal for town or country, this suit is beautifully tailored and features a panel skirt. It is made in glen plaid tweed, and worn with a simple white broadcloth shirt-blouse and white pique sailor.



• Sandy - beige sheer wool for a dressmaker suit with a slim skirt and a softly bloused jacket, which is nonchalantly caught with a self tie at the waist and has an extra turn-down collar of snowy white pique.



• A hem-length coat of kelly-green wool with patch flap-pockets and a belted back provides a gay contrast for a nut-brown frock printed in white. The collar and cuffs on the coat are of the print, and the youthful green hat is worn way back on the head.



# LONDON LIKES ...

Wartime fashions that are gay  
and challenging.

Sketched by Petrov



• Hats in boater and coachman styles made from brilliant printed cretonnes and figured grosgrains are popular to brighten London.



• A variation for the Cossack type fur cap is to trim it with either a large jewelled buckle or a posy of multi-colored flowers, usually of felt or velvet.

## Don't label yourself all winter long—



**Underarms always perspire — even in winter!  
To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!**

NO MATTER how cold it is outdoors, it's *Summer* under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others ... of being tagged as "unattractive" — are often actually worse in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odours cling.

So don't label yourself, don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odour.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant ... in summer and in winter, too. You'll find Mum ...

**SO QUICK!** In 10 seconds you're through, no time at all, yet you're completely protected.

**SO SAFE!** Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric and never irritates your skin, even after shaving.

**SO SURE!** You can rely on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself. Get Mum from all chemists and stores. Prices 6d., 1/6 and 2/6.

**WOOLLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOUR! PLAY SAFE**



Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



**MUM**

TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

• Egyptian influence is seen in the newest belts, which are of cream canvas about six inches wide, applied in brightly colored felt and fabric with the strange birds, beasts, and angular figures that are familiar and full of meaning to students of Egyptian mythology.



• Wide brass-studded pigskin belts match the studded welts of the newest shoes. The belts have zipped purses blanket-stitched to the centre front, as they fasten with double buckles on either side.



U.10. 39

A LEVER PRODUCT



## To flatter you . . . cosy woolly IN VINTAGE TONE

**KNITTED** pullover in diamond pattern. High neck and long sleeves with extended shoulder-line are smart and cosy. The garment fastens at the back with three small buttons, and looks enchanting worn topping a skirt or with a suit.

**T**HE color of this knitted jumper is rich and lovely—vintage-rose—and the wool is shrinkproof, so that you can launder the garment without fear.

Here are the instructions:

**Materials Required:** 9 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2256 (vintage-rose); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 12; 3 small buttons; 2 press-studs.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 32-34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.



CLOSE-UP of diamond pattern in vintage-rose jumper.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w.r.n., wool round needle.

**Tension:** 13 sts., 2 inches; 17 rows, 2 inches.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 96 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row, increasing in every 12th st. (104 sts.).

**1st Row:** P 6, \* k 1, p 12, repeat from \* to last 7 sts., k 1, p 6.

**2nd Row:** K 4, \* p 2, k 1, p 2, k 8, repeat from \* to last 9 sts., p 2, k 1, p 2, k 4.

**3rd Row:** P 3, \* k 2, p 3, k 2, p 6, repeat from \* to last 10 sts. (k 2, p 3) twice.

**4th Row:** K 2, \* p 2, k 5, p 2, k 4, repeat from \* to last 11 sts., p 2, k 5, p 2, k 2.

**5th Row:** P 1, \* k 2, p 7, k 2, p 2, repeat from \* to last 12 sts., k 2, p 7, k 2, p 1.

**6th Row:** P 2, \* k 9, p 4, repeat from \* to last 11 sts., k 9, p 2.

Repeat 5th, 4th, 3rd, and 2nd rows.

These 10 rows complete 1 pattern.

Repeat last 10 rows and when work measures 12 in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times.



WHETHER you are a blonde or a brunette you'll find the soft yet rich vintage-rose of this knitted pullover enormously flattering. Knitted in diamond pattern. Instructions on this page.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 4 in.

**Next Row:** Work 35 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 8 sts., work 35 sts.

Continue on last 35 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts.

When armhole measures 7 in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row.

Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 84 sts.

When work measures 19 in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 116 sts. round neck.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew buttons on back opening and press-studs at neck edge.



YOU'LL never have the slightest trouble in persuading your children to take Laxettes. Kiddies love them; they think Laxettes are delicious chocolates. And so they are—but Laxettes also contain the finest laxative ingredient known to medical science.

That ingredient is mild yet effective. It acts as gently as Nature herself. That's why Laxettes are such a comfortable laxative. They neither force nor purge. And because Laxettes cause no stomach pains or unpleasant after-effects, and do not form a habit, they're absolutely safe for children of all ages.



For safety's sake, always keep a tin of Laxettes in the home. But be sure you get Genuine Laxettes.

# LAXETTES

CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION

STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7<sup>th</sup> TRIAL SIZE 6<sup>th</sup> 1/2.



## Snow-white sports cardigan . . .

**W**ITH a gay scarf tucked into the neck, this button-up jumper which can be made with long or short sleeves is ideal for sports wear.

**Materials.**—7oz. 3-ply wool (allow 2oz. extra for long sleeves), a pair each of Nos. 8 and 11 knitting needles, 8 buttons, a crochet hook, and a chiffon scarf if desired.

**Measurements.**—Length from shoulder to lower edge, 16 1/2 inches; width all round at underarms, 34 inches; length of short sleeve, 4 1/2 inches; length of long sleeve, 18 inches.

**Tension.**—11 sts. in width and 15 rows in depth to 2 inches.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 76 sts. and work 31 inches in k 2, p 2 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and st-st., working 20 rows without inc. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until there are 90 sts. Continue without inc. until work measures 12 inches.

Shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of next 8 rows (68 sts.). Work without dec. until armhole measures 21 inches, finishing after row on wrong side, then begin the ridged ptn. for yoke.

**1st Row:** P.  
**2nd Row:** K.  
**3rd Row:** K.

**4th Row:** P. These 4 rows form the ridged ptn. Repeat them 7 times, then repeat 1st row once more (33 rows in yoke).

Shape shoulders.

**34th Row:** K 34, cast off next 20 sts., k to end. Then cast off 8 sts.



THIS JACKET can be made with long or short sleeves. Instructions on this page.

at this edge on next 3 alternate rows. Rejoin wool to other side, k to armhole edge, and shape to correspond with other side.

### FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 80 sts. and work 31 inches in k 2, p 2

rib, then change to No. 8 needles and continue in st-st., dividing for centre opening and working as follows:

**1st Row:** K 36 (and leave on st-holder), p 2, k 42.

**2nd Row:** P 44. Now, keeping the first 2 sts. at beg. of front rows in purl, work to end of 8th st-st. row.

**9th Row:** P 2, k 1, cast off 3 sts. for buttonhole, k to end. In next row cast on three sts. in place of those cast off.

Continue in st-st., keeping front edge straight, inc. for side edge at end of 21st and every following 6th row until there are 51 sts. on needle. at the same time making four more buttonholes in 21st and 22nd, 33rd and 34th, 45th and 46th, and 57th and 58th rows. Then work without inc. at side edge until work measures 12 inches from beg.

Shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next row and dec. at same edge in each of next 8 rows (38 sts.), at the same time remembering to make buttonholes in 69th and 70th rows. Continue without further dec. until armhole measures 21 inches, then beg. at front edge to make 7th buttonhole and begin the ridged ptn. to match back yoke as follows:—

**Next Row:** P 3, cast off 3 sts., p to armhole edge.

**Next Row:** K 32, cast on 3 sts., k 3.

**Next Row:** K.  
**Next Row:** P.

Work 10 more rows in yoke ptn., then make 8th buttonhole. Work another 4 rows after this buttonhole has been completed, finishing at front edge.

Continued on page 36



# Fashion PATTERNS

F3007.—Nightie with crossover bodice and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3249.—Sophisticated frock with gathered yoke and hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2136.—For matrons, a smart, button-down-the-front shirt-waist style with tiny yoke and side pleats. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 5yds., and 1½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2137.—Dance frock with billowy floral skirt contrasted with a ripped-in jacket top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6½yds. for skirt, and 1½yds. for top, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3244.—Trim style with bracelet-length sleeves and pleats. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2138.—Engaging frock with full skirt, sash and rounded yoke, designed for young things, 4 to 10 years. Requires 2½yds., and 1½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3236.—Flattering day frock with tailored, shirt-waist top and finely pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3yds., 54ins. wide, and 1½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F3007



F3249



F2136



F3244



F2137



F2138

F3236



## Special Concession Pattern

TRIMLY TAILORED WINTER COATS.

Cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch busts.

No. 1.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide.

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 4917, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 4027, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4028W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.E. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB ..... TOWN .....

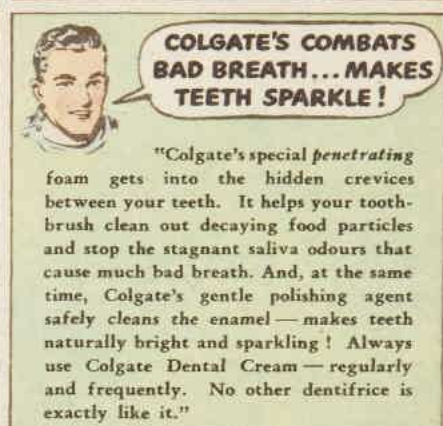
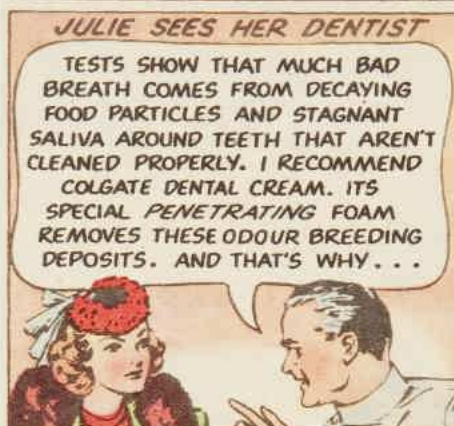
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Pattern Coupon, 2/8/41.



# SHE VAMPED THE BOSS

## BUT LOST HER JOB!



LATER—  
THANKS  
TO  
COLGATE  
DENTAL  
CREAM



Compare the size of the Colgate tube (not the carton) with others. This will prove that Colgate Dental Cream gives you the best value.

6" MEDIUM SIZE  
LARGE 1 1/3" SIZE  
GIANT 2 1/2" SIZE  
twice as much  
as 1 1/3" size

**COLGATE**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM,  
TWICE A DAY,  
WILL HELP YOU KEEP  
BAD BREATH AWAY!

CHEER UP! Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Sunday night at 7 o'clock on 2 GB, 2 KA, 2 CA, 2 HR, 2 GZ, 2 NZ, 2 LM, 2 KM, 2 TM, 2 WL, 3 AW, 3 SR, 3 SH, 3 HA, 3 TR, 3 UL, 4 BH, 4 GR, 4 AY, 4 MB, 4 SB, 7 HO, 7 QT, 7 LA, 7 DY, 7 BU; at 9 on 5 DN, 5 RM, 5 KG; at 7:30 on 6 PR, 6 T2; at 7:45 on 6 GE; Wed. nights at 8:30 on 2 WG, 3 BO, 4 RO, 4 TO, 4 MK, 4 CA; at 9:15 on 2 BH.



**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**





• **V FOR VICTORY.** Irving Jacobs and Mrs. Park Began get close-up of floral decoration at party given by the Paul Browns and Percy Du Mars.



• **DANICA AND OLGA BULAT** pose in beautiful dresses they will wear to Yugoslav Ball, Farmer's, August 6. Proceeds for their countrymen fighting in Middle East.



• **STEPHANIE DAY** (right) shows Mrs. Forbes Gordon study she likes in Miniature Camera Group exhibition. Proceeds for Australian Mothercraft Society.



• **PARLIAMENT OPENS.** Mrs. Ranald Peden and the Vice-President of the Legislative Council, Mr. E. H. Farrar, at tea-party following official opening.

# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### Hot dogs and skating . . .

FIVE hundred hot dogs are handled by Mrs. Clive Robinson with neat turn of wrist which any hot-dog vendor might envy when she takes charge of stall at Glaciarium Gala Night. Same number of rolls deftly buttered by Mesdames Les Osborne, R. Longworth, James Nurse, A. H. Goodall, H. Baldry . . . all to aid Army Medical Corps and Children's Hospital.

Glaciarium capacity-packed for show. Dr. and Mrs. Solomon get ringside seat to watch clever children Jan and John in skating exhibition. Nearby is A.I.F. nurse Thora Hawkes, on leave from Bathurst, with Professor and Mrs. Harold Dew.

Mr. Robert Dixon arrives carrying another Elwatan dinner . . . prize for chocolate-wheel, where I spy Sir Robert Wade and Colonel Vickers trying their luck.

Mrs. Lyle Bond arrives at 3 p.m. to fill 500 bags of sweets, mostly made by Children's Hospital nurses. Also helping, selling sweets, flowers and programmes . . . Joan Chopin, Betty Keele, Mary and Ruth Goddard, Margaret Christmas, Heather Macleod, Moira Ellis, Eve Playfair, Judith Dey, Camilla Audette.

### They catch the eye . . .

**JOAN HODGSON'S** large envelope evening bag of silver kid, worn with snow-blue velvet frock . . . Marjorie O'Connor's severely tailored emerald crepe frock, gold kid pipings . . . Mrs. Jimmy Singer's smoke-grey fox cape.

### Garnering gossip . . .

**LUNCHING** in town . . . at Usher's meet Bonnie Field and Chris Langsworth and stop to say "all the best" on engagement. They're planning December wedding, future home at Killara already chosen . . . wedding gift from Bo's father, Mr. T. A. Field.

Then to Romano's where I glimpse Mrs. Ken Mackay, almost a stranger in town these seven months since husband, Captain Mackay, went to Middle East . . . just here for few hours' shopping while en route from Campbelltown to Dungog, where she lives with Mrs. J. K. Mackay, sen. Lunching with Phyl Mackay is recent bride, Mrs. Murray Robertson, of Quirindi, who has flat in Macleay Street while husband is in Air Force camp at Bradfield.

Smartest figure at Prince's is Mrs. Don Hudson, former mannequin Elizabeth Morris Edwards, in tailored black suit buttoned to neckline . . . tells me she is just back from Perth where she took 11-months-old son "Tiger" by air to visit her family.

### Did you know? . . .

**NEILMA MYER** and Vallejo Gantner wed on August 5 at St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. After-celebrations at Granlana, Myer Toorak home. Nineteen-year-old Neilma goes to altar in full bridal finery, attended by schoolgirl sister Marigold. Soon after wedding Vallejo takes his bride home to California by Clipper.

Shirley Poynter is staying on in Brisbane for Exhibition Week, guest of Joanne Woolcock.

Mrs. Garry Gelynack enjoys holiday with brother, Douglas Robertson, and his family at Turanville, Scone.

The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. S. S. Crick) will entertain Mrs. W. J. McKell, wife of the Premier, at the Town Hall this Tuesday. Another engagement for Mrs. McKell is the R.A.A.F. Ball, Trocadero, August 8.

### Surprise wedding . . .

**COMPLETE** surprise to Bettina Smith's friends is announcement of wedding in India on July 3 to Lieut. Martin Andrew Wilkinson, of Royal Decan Light Horse Regiment.

This is second surprise Bettina has dealt friends this year . . . first, her sailing for India, with her mother, Mrs. P. G. Smith, in February, when they kept it almost dead secret they were hopping off. No mention of romance then; in fact, I hear that newly-weds first met very recently.

Bride's father is honorary Comforts Fund Commissioner in Middle East . . . formerly of Tamworth.

### Bride poses . . .

**HEAR** from Mrs. Cedric Hughes . . .

Jocelyn Poynter before wedding in May . . . that she is being painted as a bride. Her portrait in oils is being done by Mrs. Thomas Brooke (artist Gwen Ramsay). Even Jocelyn's bridal bouquet is included, true to description of artist's sister, Jean Ramsay, who caught it at wedding reception.

Mrs. Brooke returned four months ago from India, where she was married . . . her husband, incidentally, is cousin of Rajah of Sarawak.

### Travelling again . . .

**BACK** from England only two months, Mrs. Jim Harries is off again in a month or so . . . this time to America to join her husband, Commander Harries, who is naval attache at Australian Legation. Small son Sandy stays here under charge of his uncle, Dr. Tom Street, and Mrs. Street, at Cessnock.

Life in Washington diplomatic circles will undoubtedly be quieter for Mrs. Harries than it was in London . . . she was among those dining at famous Cafe de Paris, at bon voyage party with her husband, when it was bombed and many killed. Mrs. Harries escaped with only some plaster falling on her.

### That American way . . .

**IT** turns up again . . . that V for Victory symbol . . . in flowers this time when the Percy Du Mars and Paul Browns give farewell party at Pickwick Club. The Du Mars, Browns, and three guests, the Ed Forrests and Mrs. Earl Walker, are fellow travellers "home" to America. They all say they'll sure be back, and bring the Fleet with them if they can manage it.

Party gets going in the way that only American parties do. See Mrs. Charles (Matson) Brown admiring table decoration . . . aeroplane niftily formed from melon with curved tail-piece, sliced carrot wheels. Buffet dishes labelled Broadway cheese, Park Avenue chicken, Rockefeller Centre oysters, and likewise tempt the Russell Hauslaibs, Rudy Muellers, Gus Aubrys, Consul-General Ely Palmer.

### Heard around town . . .

**SUPER** ruby ring is John Bovill's birthday present to his wife . . . she celebrates coming of age this Thursday with party at Point Piper home.

Mrs. John Thompson has had taken photograph of herself and sturdy infant son Gayford, with large study of husband, Lieut. John Thompson, also in group . . . to send overseas to John.



• **"WON'T YOU BUY?"** . . . Lucy Macintosh and Pat Burdus make appeal from flower stall at Glaciarium gala night to aid A.A.M.C. and Children's Hospital.



• **ON HONEYMOON.** Lieut. Tony Rabett and his bride, former Lloyd Jones, lunch at Prince's. Wed in Brisbane.



• **JUMBLE SALE** at Paddy's Markets for 2/19th Battalion. Both horse when sale finished were Mrs. Tom Vincent (left) and Mrs. R. H. Snelling.



• **AIR FORCE HOUSE** benefits from party in Bodega wine cellars. Assisting ace (from left) Dorothy Farnsworth, Mrs. C. Moir, and Gloria Larsen.



# Brief Return

Continued from page 4

"H AVE'N'T seen anybody at all on this side of the house?"

"No. Why?"

"One of the fellows thought he heard somebody enter the woods down there by the road," the policeman explained.

"When?" asked Tom.

"A little while ago. We haven't found anybody. He didn't get in the house unless he came round this way. Sure you haven't seen anybody?"

"Nobody." Tom was emphatic. "Did you take a good look round the back?"

"Yes. Probably it's all right. Fellow wasn't sure he'd really heard anybody. Might've been a dog or something. Just a rustle. But the sergeant told us to watch out. We don't want anything to happen like last night," observed the policeman coolly, and started to move away.

We watched his light sweep jerkily here and there as he went down towards the lake. Tom said at last, his voice sounding rather distant and strange out of the twilight: "You'd better see that everything's locked up tight to-night."

"You see," said Jenny, as if she were continuing the thing he hadn't yet said. "Alice couldn't have killed that girl."

"You won't tell me where Alice is," said Tom, ignoring it.

"If they found Alice they'd say she did it. You know they would."

There was a short silence. Then quite suddenly and simply Tom went to Jenny and bent over and pulled her up into his arms. I think they'd both forgotten I was there.

He held her close in his arms and said in a kind of breathless murmur with his head bent over her red curls and his mouth muffled against her face: "Jenny, I love you. Trust me, won't you?" And kissed her.



## "YOU'RE TELLING ME

That any food could relieve constipation?"

No! Madam! Not any food... But food containing the right amount of "bulk" will relieve your condition SAFELY within a week.

Ordinary constipation is the result of insufficient "bulk" in your diet. The peristaltic action of the intestinal muscles slows down because of this lack of "bulk". You take drastic-action cathartics. Apparently get results—but the action is different. Constant use can do almost irreparable damage to the system by the time middle age is reached.

In All-Bran—Kellogg's give you a non-purging breakfast cereal that provides all the "bulk" you need.

Start your breakfast with two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran—it's sweetest. And you eat it like any other breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do that—drink plenty of fluids, too—and you'll be regular within a week. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

## ONE WEEK LATER!

"It's true! No need to risk your health with harsh purging.

Kellogg's All-Bran will get you regular in a safe and gentle way."



Kissed her for a long time, deliberately.

The birds twittered again, softly, and finally Tom's head came up, and Jenny, in the faint band of light from the doors, was all at once standing away from him, her slender body taut and slim and her head lifted again, defiantly. The soft light from the drawing-room was like a frame for the two of them, facing each other.

Jenny said: "You told me that once before. And then, the next night, you said that was yesterday."

"You know why—"

"I know you wouldn't trust me," she protested. "You believed—"

"I believed what I saw."

"You didn't ask—you didn't wait—you leaped to conclusions. All right—you chose that course—"

"Jenny!" His voice was pleading. "I didn't know what I know now—"

"You know what I've told you. You had to be told. And now I don't know whether I've confided in a friend or a policeman. I suppose you'll go straight to Walters and that man Bates with what I've told you."

"I only wish," said Tom, with a kind of groan, "that I could make them believe it."

"Oh. Oh, then you don't?"

"Yes, I do," said Tom slowly. "Because I know what a silly little fool you can be. You are always like this about Alice. Nobody else means anything to you. Anything Alice tells you to do, you do."

"I suppose," said Jenny, hitting the nail rather fatally on the head, "that you thought Alice had calmly asked me to kill Basil and I as calmly did it."

"I think you've got yourself into a fine mess," said Tom with frankness. "I don't know how on earth to get you out of it."

"There are other clues," I said abruptly. They both turned with a jerk, confirming my suspicion of momentary nonchalance. "There's Collins' man with a bag. And—good heavens, Tom! Basil knew a lot of people round here. He had enemies, you know, and he's made more enemies during this year of absence or I'm making a bad mistake. You aren't forced to concentrate on Alice or Jenny or me."

"Little Marion Smith," said Tom, "hadn't an enemy in the world."

Well, that was true. Poor little Marion, caught inexplicably and inexorably in the thing.

It was no good saying that it was a separate crime. The only proof of its being a part and parcel of our trouble was the matter of her telephone calls to Jenny, but in our hearts we knew and didn't need proof.

Jenny turned and went swiftly to the door. Tom didn't try to stop her. She murmured something indistinguishable as she opened the door; her slender white figure was outlined for an instant against the light and then vanished. After a moment Tom said to me: "She still knows more than she's telling. She was crying—Miss Mary, can't you make her see the dangerous position she's in? It's been plain as the nose on your face," he added rather tactlessly, "that she's trying to shield Alice. Yet she thinks Alice didn't murder him."

"Does she think so?" I asked. "Or is she trying to make you think so?"

He didn't answer except to say: "Poor little Jenny. Going down there with that revolver. Trying to shoot him and realising when it came to the point that she couldn't do it. You know, of course, that Basil was in love with her."

"I think I shot up out of my chair. With Jenny!"

"Yes—Alice was always his hold over Jenny. I see that now. What a fool I've been," said Tom with truth. "You see—when I arrived that night—they were here on the terrace and the night was so still I couldn't help hearing what Basil was saying. He was making plans for their future—his and Jenny's—and in the tone of an accepted lover. Jenny was acquiescent."

All at once, fleetingly, a memory returned to me and it was the sound of Jenny's voice as I left her with Basil. It had floated up to me on the staircase and it had changed suddenly to friendliness.

"Or at least," said Tom, "she seemed acquiescent. And just the night before—well, never mind. If I'd only known the truth. It's queer—hain't it—the feeling it gives you about Basil when you stop to think that as sensible and sane a girl as Jenny was driven to the very point

of killing him. Only to find that she couldn't. She was frantic that night, I see that now. Basil's return was shattering to her life or to Alice's, and Basil's death the only way out.

"It wouldn't have worked; but she was frightened out of her wits. She might have known she couldn't make herself pull that trigger. Jenny's got imagination and it tricks her sometimes. She needs—"

"She needed you that night," I put in.

"Yes—I if I'd only known. I'd have liked to have shot him myself."

"Are you sure you didn't?"

He laughed. "No, I didn't. But I wouldn't have minded doing it any more than I'd mind, as Jenny says, killing a snake."

"It seems to me a little rough on Basil. He wasn't what anybody could feel any particular affection for, and it's true that his coming back from the dead was a blow for everybody, but still—"

"Basil wouldn't have changed. He couldn't."

TOM was looking thoughtfully up at the dark night sky, dotted so distinctly with stars. It was just then that the kitten came softly upon the terrace and ascended quietly but with determination to my knees and began to purr vehemently. Tom said abruptly, coming down from the heights of abstraction: "Alastair's kitten. Miss Mary, did he know Basil was alive?"

"Before he returned, you mean?"

"I mean any time. Before or—that night."

"No. At least, if he did he's kept it a secret."

"You see," said Tom. "If Basil telephoned to anybody and little Marion Smith heard and knew who it was—"

"Basil did telephone to somebody," I cried, struck sharply with the memory. "At least somebody used the telephone and it could have been Basil."

"Could have been? What—"

"I didn't hear," I said. "I didn't hear anything but the telephone operator speaking and it must have been Marion Smith."

I told him, quickly, the little I knew. And then I told him, more slowly and in as much detail as my memory supplied, about the kitten's bell and the sound in the shrubbery. Of Jenny's empty room, with the moonlight white over its emptiness (since she had already explained that), and of the uneasiness that had sent me to her room after the kitten—without his bell and mysteriously in the house and not outside at all—had brushed against me.

When I'd finished I couldn't make out what he thought of it all. He questioned me a little, but not much, and he seemed very thoughtful. Finally he got up again and turned towards the steps.

"And you can't find the bell and harness?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"No, I can't—Tom, what are you going to do about the things Jenny told you to-night?"

He paused, tall figure dimly visible in the diffused light from the doors behind us and against the blackness beyond. He said slowly: "I don't know. It's—horribly incriminating, you see. But they've already got so much against her and perhaps the truth will help her."

"If it doesn't convict her," I said cruelly.

He stared off into the deep belt of darkness where the woods began. "There's something else she knows," he said finally, thoughtfully. "Something she's still keeping back, heaven knows why. It may be the clue we're looking for—a clue to the murderer. Try to make her tell you, Miss Mary. It's so—so horribly important..."

I hadn't had any conspicuous success thus far in inducing Jenny to unburden herself. I said something which sounded like a promise, though, and Tom left.

It seems to me that I went directly into the house. I know I went to my room before the moon was well up and saw nothing of anyone except Joe, who was in the hall locking up.

It was that night, however, that the knife came back. Or rather it was found early in the morning. It was in the second floor hall, just outside Jenny's door, leaning against the wall. And one of the doors off the drawing-room had been forced, and there were marks round the

bolt of Jenny's door which she had locked.

Mabel screamed when she saw it and it was the scream that awoke me.

Looking back, it seems to me that from that morning on until Hugo was seen, the case came to a curious standstill. It was a matter of the knife that brought the police to an impasse.

Not that they left us alone or seemed in any way to relent in the pursuance of their case against Jenny, for they didn't.

They came, questioned us lengthily, went away and came back next day with the same questions. But although nothing of very much importance happened, still life was not exactly commonplace. For we never knew, as Mabel put it somewhat feelingly, just when our heads were safe on our pillows.

However, the knife turning up as and when it did sufficed to turn, or at least slightly divert, the attention of the police from us as prime suspects. We were still suspected and not allowed to forget it for an instant. Still there was, certainly, other and important evidence. Somebody had broken into our house; somebody had tried to break into Jenny's room and it was thanks to providence that she'd locked it, Providence and nerves.

And somebody had left that knife there and certainly it hadn't been one of us. Yet it was, almost as certainly, someone who knew our house and knew Jenny's room; that on leaving it just where it was left was sheer accident, which, in view of the marks on the door, did not appear probable.

The police had, of course, their sceptical moments, especially Bates, who hinted morosely the very next day that we might have put it there ourselves in order to confuse them.

Unfortunately, however, if the decidedly unnerving episode of the knife served to diminish for the time being the fervency of the police's inquiry concerning us, it augmented our sense of personal danger. I never entered my room at night without looking in the wardrobe and behind the door, and couldn't have entered the woods alone if I'd been paid to.

And it changed in the most important way the whole structure of relationships. Up to then I believe Jenny had been in her heart obsessed with a conviction that Alice had killed Basil even if she couldn't reconcile with her belief the fact of Marion Smith's murder. The police and Superintendent Bates seemed to coincide in a belief that we were all suspect; Jenny was their first choice, then Alice, then, I regret to say, me. Motive was their plan of attack and the revolver their heavy artillery. Tom appeared to have settled on Alice as a suspect, although I wasn't too sure of what he really felt.

I myself ranged from a tramp, through our whole circle of acquaintances, including Alastair, Rodney and Cynthia, who were closest to us, and taking in the whole village, as well as anybody Basil had known during the year he'd been away.

We'd all behaved according to our beliefs.

NOW is was changed. Collins' story of a man with a bag took on new verisimilitude despite his constant and dogged denials. They had him at the police station for a whole day, I know, though I knew little enough of what the police were doing. At any rate, however, Collins emerged, still firm in denials but weak in nerves.

Yet his story, inconclusive, vague, strenuously denied, somehow persisted in our minds. His story, and the murder of the telephone girl; the knife and the secret, dreadfully stealthy entrance into our own house.

It seemed almost certain why that entrance had been made.

Jenny was somehow a danger to the murderer. Therefore she herself was in danger. That or—which was somehow worse because we had no way of guarding against further attack— whoever had murdered Basil and the poor little phone girl had done so for no motive at all. As he had crept to Jenny's door through our night-quiet house, carrying that knife with no motive at all but murder.

For a day or so after that, except through the varying trend of their questions and through Tom, we had no way of knowing what the police were doing. And Tom was never very communicative and I wasn't exactly certain any of the time

# WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS

- 1—That popular song, "My Hero," comes from the musical comedy "The Geisha" — "The Arcadians" — "White Horse Inn" — "The Chocolate Soldier."
- 2—Speaking in round numbers, the distance between the sun and the earth is 93,000,000 miles — 84,000,000 — 93,800,000 — 297,000,000.
- 3—"She left the web, she left the loom" . . . All right, all right, but who was she? Lady Clara Vere de Vere — Evangeline — The Lady of the Lake — The Lady of Shallot — Guinevere.
- 4—From the fighting that centred around it, you learned—if you didn't already know it—that Damour is in Syria — Cyrenaica — Crete — Greece — Iraq.
- 5—Sir Stafford Cripps signed the Anglo-Russian pact for Britain last month. And who signed it for Russia? Molotov — Stalin — Simovitch — Litvinov.
- 6—And, of course, if someone gave you a cotyledon, you would learn to play it—drape it round your shoulders—plant it in the garden—hastily ring up an expert on handling snakes.

Answers on page 34

whether he was on our side or with the police.

That is, I had no doubt, in spite of what happened, of his feeling for Jenny. I knew, too, in my heart, that if he had been engaged upon the thing in the first place from other motives his main motive now was to help us—or rather Jenny, who certainly needed help. But Tom's way of doing things was and remained a mystery to me.

Although as to that, I daresay his position was growing a little equivocal. Sergeant Walters couldn't have helped seeing that Tom was, mainly, interested in Jenny's safety. He made it fairly clear, in fact, the very morning that the knife was found.

I telephoned him at once. This time I would make no mistake. We didn't touch the knife and set Joe to guard it—from what we didn't know—and Sergeant Walters arrived just as we finished a somewhat scanty breakfast.

Walters listened and took the knife carefully in his hands, holding a handkerchief round it to guard against fingerprints.

I looked at the knife, too. It was a little rusty. It seemed to me that some of the rusty patches were dark and stained and I pointed it out to Walters.

"Is that—blood?" I asked him.

Mabel, hovering in the background, uttered a kind of yelp. "I don't know," said Walters. "We'll have it tested in the laboratory right away."

It was late when he left, taking the knife with him. I believe it was two days later that we learned there was blood on the knife and that it was human blood.

Please turn to page 30

**Your Dog** 

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts — start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder. He will soon be lively and eating with his old healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and benefits his coat.

**BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDER  
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

## Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the powerful, yet harmless germicide called **Moone's Emerald Oil** can be obtained at any chemist. Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** (full strength) and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.



# They make 'em tough in High Serciety

Private Willie's brief reign  
as Kernel's valley

Dear Mother,—Well I been moving in high serciety but not for long since I wrote last and I don't care if I never do again.

The kernel is a nob, and it was all on account of the kernel's batman that's army for valley which is French for manservant that I been in trouble again. I don't know why they calls him a batman cause his job certainly ain't like cricket or even that funny game of rounders they call baseball.

WELL, anyway, to come back to the point as the schoolmaster said just before he sat down, this batman took sick with German measles, they knew it was the nasty sort because the rash came out in the shape of a swasticker.

Mebbe I didn't tell you but as I didn't want the fellows around here to know I am a garbidge remover (there is one fellow in the platoon whose name is Dustman and they rag him like anything) I been spreading it round I am a gentleman's valley.

So one night last week the Orderly Sargent says to me, hey you report to the kernel's quarters which is army for flat for batman's duty. I didn't know what a batman was then but I soon found out and I thinks mebbe the kernel wanted someone to bowl at.

So I stamps me plates-o-meat in



"HE SENT for an escort and I spent the night in the guard room."

front of the kernel. Well Clark, says the kernel, the batman I have is about as much good as a bricklayer's laborer which was precisely his occupation in civil life so if your work is satisfactory the job will be yours for the duration, unless you happen to get transferred somehow or other they always seem to transfer the good batmen I get.

Oh sir, I begins . . . Don't bother to thank me, he says, you'll have to

Dear Mother

Being the letters home  
of a soldier son.

By

Douglas Compton - James

earn the job first, now get my bath ready.

Well, that seems fairly easy, simply turning the taps on. How do you like your bath sir, I asks, fair or middling. Cold, his lordship replies.

Blime, I says, surely you ain't going to take a cold bath this weather, you'll catch your death. Clark, he says, when I want fizzo-logicle advice from you I'll ask for it, in the meantime draw my bath and then lay out my mess kit. Yes sir, I say, not having much idea what he meant by mess kit.

Well, you got to admit these nob's ain't so soft as they talk and look. Blime I don't mind taking a dive into anything but as for going feet first into cold water that's different but our kernel don't seem to think nothing of it so I turns on the cold tap and blime is it cold?

While the bath is filling up I takes a dekkio around the bathroom and I spots a jar of stuff for putting on your face after shaving and I tries it on my neck which is sore.

Blime didn't it sting? Took me all my time to stop myself from holler-ing out. I wiped it off quick I can tell you. Seems to me being in high serciety ain't nearly so easy as it looks it's about fifty per cent. torture.

Presently the kernel come in all dolled up in a bath gown like a prize fighter climbing through the ropes, so I reckon I had better find out what bathroom duties are supposed to be. So I lead up to it tactful like by saying, excuse me sir but will you want me to scrub your back?

Heavens, he says were you required to scrub your last employer's back. Invariable sir, I replies, he was very partial to having his back scrubbed. I got that kind of talk from the pitchers I seen with butlers and valleys in and it seemed to go down all right.

The kernel laughs fit to bust then he says, well you needn't bother about my back, you can start getting my mess kit ready. Very good sir, I says.

## Out of the frying-pan

SO while the kernel is blowing and puffing in his cold bath I pokes around looking for mess kit. All I could find was a frying pan and a combination knife-fork-spoon so I arrange them neatly on his bed and wait.

Presently the kernel comes in looking rather blue round the gills. He takes one look at the bed and says, what's all this? Your mess kit, sir, I reply. It's all I could find.

Blime that blued the contract. He sent for an escort and I spent the night in the guard room.

Next morning I was up before Flash Alf on a charge of insolence to a superior officer. Flash Alf gave me seven days' C.B. and of course I lost my job as valley.

On the whole though I ain't sorry, high life is a bit too complicated for me. So here I am confined again.

Well I must close now hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present.

Your loving son,

Willie  
Another letter from Private Willie  
next week.



"ALL I COULD find was a frying-pan and a combination knife-fork-spoon, so I arrange them neatly on his bed."

## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to  
Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist, of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense: To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

# SING A SONG OF  
WASHDAY-RINSO  
IN THE TUB

WHITES COME UP FAR  
WHITER-THERE'S NO  
NEED TO RUB

COLOURS, SILKS AND  
WOOLLIES, STAY SO  
SOFT AND GAY

AND RINSO'S QUICK  
WITH DISHES-WASH-UP  
THIS GREASELESS WAY

IN REHEARSAL  
"MONDAY MORNING  
REVUE"

**RINSO'S RICHER  
SUDS MAKE EVERYBODY  
WANT TO SING!**

**Rinso**  
GIVES THICKER,  
RICHER SUDS

**NOW IN 2  
SIZES**

Buy the NEW GIANT money-saving packet

A LEVER PRODUCT

## Sketching

is the hobby  
that pays!



Would you like to take a Staff Position of open your own Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, where you live, whether you have had little or no previous training STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and lucrative Profession, in your own home.

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## How to escape

## flu

**1** Avoid as far as possible all places where 'flu germs are likely to be; crowded cars; public meeting places; warm, stuffy rooms.

**2** Be careful of close contact with others; beware of all coughers and sneezers; breathe through the nose; avoid draughts and chills.

**3** Get lots of rest. Eat plenty of oranges. Keep the bowels open.

**4** Avoid catching colds. Any cold may be the forerunner of 'flu. At the first sign of a cold, take genuine quick-acting Bayer's Aspirin and you can ward it off. If you develop a sore throat, gargle with Bayer's Aspirin dissolved in water. This will relieve soreness and rawness.

**5** If you have any reason to suspect even a touch of 'flu, call your doctor.

Bayer's—the genuine Aspirin Tablets... quicker, surer, safer... have been made in Australia for 20 years. When you buy Bayer's, you are sure you buy the best.

\* A prominent Doctor's prescription  
Tin of 12, 9d.; Bottle of 24, 1/3;  
Bottle of 100, 4/6.

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## 7 Days' Holiday in Sydney

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AS I say, that was two days later. I believe the police spent most of the two days discovering everything there was to be known about Marion Smith's blameless, uneventful little life. The result was simply nothing.

And I remember clearly out of the chaos of those days the way Tom—when I telephoned to him that morning after the police had gone—came and went straight to Jenny and took her in his arms. And the way she clung to him. It was as if Jenny or Tom or both of them were magnetised. He turned her face up to him and kissed her as if his whole life condensed itself into that one moment. I went quietly away, my throat a little tight.

But when I came back half an hour later Tom had gone and Jenny had two angry little flames in her cheeks.

"What happened to Tom?" I asked. "A patient?"

"No, a phobia," Jenny replied, abruptly. "As if Alice had ever touched that horrible knife!"

It was later that day that Tom told them of Basil's telephone call and early the next morning they came back to establish by questioning the servants that it was Basil who used the telephone and not one of them, and to question me about that, too. I knew no more than I had already told Tom. He'd told them, too, of the kitten and bell.

That was the morning—the day after the knife had been discovered. I think—that they told us they had been able to discover something of Basil's whereabouts during the year of his absence. Tediouly, slowly, they had traced him to London and there the London detectives took up the trail and forwarded information as fast as they could uncover it.

Basil had been in London almost the entire year, living in an apartment-hotel and doing nothing. He went to the races and the theatre; he had a number of acquaintances, but no particularly intimate friends; he filled in the time apparently very agreeably doing nothing and while

he knew several women fairly well—Sergeant Walters' cautious phrase—they had so far been able to unearth nothing that seemed to bear upon his murder.

It had been a tedious undertaking; the London police were still running down names and addresses of people who had, even slightly, known him. I gathered that neither Walters nor the Superintendent hoped for anything further or of more importance from that particular angle of the thing.

And though Walters and the Superintendent, or rather their several corps of detectives, had combed the village and county they could find no trail leading from Basil to Marion Smith—always excepting the telephone call I'd told them about and her unsuccessful attempt to talk to Jenny. And while there were plenty of people in the neighborhood who had no cause to feel any affection for Basil, still there was nobody who appeared to have any special grudge.

It was also the morning after the knife turned up again that at last we heard from Robert. Heard from him in a frantic and expensive series of cables winding up in a long telephone call. The gist of it all was: Where is Alice?

I took the telephone call. His voice was very thin and far away.

"Jenny—" he said.

"No, it's Mary Chace."

"Who?"

"Mary—Mary Chace. Robert, where have you been?"

"Where is Alice?" he demanded.

"Isn't she with you?"

"I say, where is Alice?" he repeated, maddeningly.

"I don't know," I shouted. "We thought she was with you."

"What?"

I almost gnashed my teeth. "Where have you been? I wrote a letter explaining—"

"I've been away. I got back only this morning and found all your messages. Haven't had the mail yet. What's Tom Tucker doing?"

"I don't know. We—listen, Robert, we don't know where Alice has gone. We thought she'd gone to you."

He said something just there that sounded exactly like lobster salad and couldn't have been. I howled: "What?" and he said distinctly: "I said you ought to look after Alice. Where is she?"

"I tell you I don't know—" I stopped and took a breath and tried to reduce the thing to coherence. "Listen, Robert; we cannot find Alice."

Sounds came out of the receiver and the only word I heard was police and then maddeningly he hung up.

Jenny had listened to the whole thing and said nothing. When I put down the telephone she got up.

"I'm going for a walk, if the police will let me—just round the grounds."

"Don't go far away from the house," I said.

She paused in the doorway. "It looks so quiet and peaceful. Sunshine everywhere. It's safe."

I thought she was convincing herself as well as me. After the knife we both felt that it was safe nowhere.

A little later, however, I saw her crossing the lawn towards the lake and a policeman walked beside her. It was almost an hour before they returned and I was growing uneasy, but the policeman was still with her. There was something dogged and determined in his attitude and very weary in Jenny's and she thanked him at the terrace most perfunctorily, gave me a very queer look and went inside the house.

That day, too, they dragged Houlit River—as adequately as was possible, for the bed of the river was rocky and irregular with unexpectedly deep pools, here and there. They found nothing.

Well, I was by that time sure that whatever they found it wouldn't be Alice Houlit. She'd been gone then five days and if Jenny had not been assured of her safety she would have been mad with anxiety. I became more and more certain, as the days went on, that Jenny, as Tom had hinted, had somehow heard from Alice, and reassuringly. Yet there was no way for me to convince the police and besides I wasn't sure I wanted to. There was always the possibility that Alice vanished, so to speak, was safer than Alice talking to the police.

## Brief Return

Continued from page 28

The police guard was doubled with the discovery of the knife. The trouble was they kept themselves too much in the background. If their purpose was to lull suspicion on the part of the murderer it occurred to me the effort might be too completely successful. Besides, it was all too likely that it was Jenny or me whose suspicions were to be lulled.

We knew they were about because Tom said they were there and told us not to be alarmed. He gave me a police whistle, too, and told me to blow it if I was frightened. And one for Jenny, too.

Well, we took the whistles a little dubiously. They looked small and inadequate, and besides if I were ever frightened enough to need the police I'd probably have no breath with which to blow the whistle. However, it was a well-meant effort on Tom's part.

It was, I believe, July the twelfth—the second day after the knife episode and after the police had apparently assured themselves that Robert could have had nothing to do with Basil's murder, no matter how strong a motive he might have had, that they arrested Rodney Loveday. Tom came to tell us about it.

"Why Rodney?" I asked, amazed. "They've got to arrest somebody. And Rodney was in the building the night Marion Smith was killed and was fool enough to tell them about it."

Jenny and I, a little stunned, said nothing for a moment, and Tom went on: "Cynthia's getting the biggest man she can to defend him."

"You've been down there?" said Jenny.

"At Loveday's, you mean? No—well, that is, yes. I met Cynthia in the town and brought her and her packages home. She's terribly upset, naturally."

"NATURALLY," said Jenny, in the coolest, chilliest little voice, and I said without any premeditation at all: "If it had been Alastair there might be a motive."

Tom jumped. He really did, quite literally.

"Alastair?" he said. "Arrested, you mean?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "Murdered. Instead of Basil."

Tom and Jenny just stared at me.

Down on the lake a swan paddled smoothly out, like a lady with a train, and Joe emerged from the house carrying a tray loaded with tea things.

Neither Tom nor Jenny, however, looked indignant as I might have expected both to do. For no matter what Jenny felt for Tom, certainly lately her friendship with Alastair had seemed to have grown mysteriously. And while I was still convinced Tom loved Jenny, nevertheless Cynthia had shown him more than one mark of favor. Not that Cynthia was particularly discriminating about showing favor. It was only necessary that its object be a man—any man.

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THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
SESSION from 2GB



Every day from  
4.30 to  
5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 31.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, August 1.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, August 2.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, August 3.—Talk on the Middle East—Neenah Najjar.

MONDAY, August 4.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, August 5.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

But instead of indignation Jenny just looked at me, her blue eyes very thoughtful, and Tom, after one sharp glance, grinned a little.

Joe put down the tea-tray. Tom had already refused whisky and soda, murmuring of surgery hours. Although as to his surgery hours, lately, it seemed to me they must be extraordinarily elastic.

I was a little relieved to see Tom's grin. No woman likes to see a nice man made a fool of, and one never knows when or where flattery such as Cynthia knew so ridiculously well how to dispense is going to take root.

"Thank you," said Tom, taking tea, but it wasn't the tea he thanked me for. He wasn't thinking of Cynthia at all, then, but of Alastair and Jenny.

Jenny, however, said directly: "Do you mean, Cousin Mary, that Cynthia and Alastair—"

"I don't mean anything. I am a gossip old woman."

Tom stirred his tea reflectively.

"Not so gossip," he said, still smiling a little. "On the other hand, Rodney's madly in love with Cynthia, and Cynthia with him. They're like two honeymooners. Cynthia can't help being nice to men in general. It's—well, that's Cynthia. But really they're quite devoted."

Well, it had seemed to me as if the devotion were a little one-sided.

"Have they always been like that?"

"I don't know. I've known them both a long time, but not very well until this past year. I imagine so. Cynthia's all right."

"I hope so, I'm sure," I said crisply. "Sandwich, Jenny?"

She took one and broke off a piece for the kitten, who refused it scornfully.

"Tell us what you know about the murderer," I said abruptly. "Good heavens, surely we have a right to know!"

To be continued

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gummy, unrisable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff. Ask your chemist, store or hair-dresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

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# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

This time of the year belongs specially to Leonians. It also favors Sagittarians, Arians, Geminians and Librans in many ways.

THESE groups very often benefit through each other. Therefore it will prove wise to understand the inner characteristics of all the sign-groups concerned. Start by understanding Leonians — people born between July 23 and August 24—whether you belong to the sign or to another.

There are two distinct Leo types, and at first they seem diametrically opposed. There is the type which predominates to the extent of about 95 out of every hundred. These are forceful, proud, dominant, sometimes overbearing and bossy, and always self-confident and assured. They like themselves and expect other people to like them, too.

Seeing that they diligently exert themselves to be charming and gracious, especially to their superiors or others they wish to impress, most people really do like them and acknowledge their charm. But humiliate or cross them and you can transform a friend into an enemy.

There is also the small percentage of very quiet, shy, modest, unassuming and unassuming Leonians. These, too, earn fame for their charm and graciousness, and are usually kindly in the extreme.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): August 2 (afternoon) and 3 (between 11.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.): best periods of week. Somewhat cautious on July 29, 30, and August 4 and 5. Otherwise this week favors changes, new ventures, seeking favors or promotion, important writings, and new happiness.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Not a good time for over-sensitiveness, criticism, arguments or other disagreeable things. Live quietly and try to avoid changes, unpopularity and upsets, especially on July 26 and 27 and August 1 and 2 (p.m.). Keep to routine tasks.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Quite fair for many Geminians on July 26 (around midday only). Be cautious on August 2 and 3; avoid opposition and loss.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Consolidate past gains in preference to venturing into new endeavors or changes. July 21 (near 3 p.m. and after 6 p.m.) and August 2 (around dusk) best, but weak. Other days poor.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Get busy seeking advancement and happiness this week. Ask favors, make changes, removals or decisions, and plan entertainments on August 2 (afternoon only) and August 3 (from 11.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. only). July 29 (to 1 p.m.) very helpful, too.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Plan rather than act in big ventures at this time. Meanwhile get routine matters out of the way. July 21 (near 3 p.m. and mid-evening) and August 1 (near dusk) best. August 4 weak.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): July 29 (till 1 p.m.), August 2 (mid-afternoon only), and August 3 (from 11.30 a.m. to 2 p.m.): best periods of week, but for modest changes or new ventures only. Be mildly cautious on August 5.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Take no risks for you can run into plenty of trouble, difficulties, delays, and unpopularity at this time if you are rash or unwise. Keep to routine affairs, especially on July 26 and 27, and August 1 and 2.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Work hard. July 29 (midday hours) and August 2 (mid-afternoon only) and August 3 (between 11.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.) can bring good results from past efforts or from new ventures or changes set in motion then. Seek promotion, happiness, and prosperity.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 20): Things gradually improve now, so begin to plan ahead and be ready for action in the near future. Meanwhile, July 29 and 30 poor; also August 5. Keep to routine then.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Avoid all changes, aggression, upsets, arguments and losses or opposition and partings at this time if you can. You are likely to do the wrong thing and get yourself into trouble. Keep to routine tasks for safety, especially on July 30 and 31 and on August 1 and 2.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Just an ordinary week for most Pisceans. July 21 (near 3 p.m. and after 6 p.m.) and August 1 (after 2 p.m.) just fair, but August 2, 3 and 5 poor. Avoid changes and new ventures.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is working on the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum where **DR. WHITE:** Is director. Their efforts are frowned on by **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant curator, but Man-

drake insists on visiting the museum at night with **SONNY WHITE:** Daughter of Dr. White. She takes a flashlight photo in the hall, and they decide to develop the picture. Mandrake takes the camera from Sonny, and just as he tells her to be careful a trap-door opens beneath his feet. **NOW READ ON.**



**MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!**



# Wonderful Woman

Continued from page 3

SHE pretended indignation. "What do you mean?" "It's six weeks since I saw you," said Phillip gently. "You usually manage to spare me an evening in two weeks."

"Phillip," "Don't fuss, darling," he laughed. "I wasn't grumbling, merely demonstrating my powers of deduction. I'll bring my golf clubs. Marion golf, doesn't she?"

"Yes." "Right you are. See you in about an hour then."

She put down the receiver slowly, resenting Phillip knowing her so well, and wondering why she resented it. She'd neglected him lately, neglected all her friends. She wondered if, had he made jealous scenes, as perhaps he had some right to do, she would think more of him. She thought not. It would be so unlike Phillip.

Caroline washed her hands and made up her face—cool, delicate make-up from Marion's salon, perfectly sharpening her dark beauty. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror. Greig would be at the flat by the time she arrived. He mustn't find a flaw in her. She must be everything he expected and perhaps a little more besides.

As she turned to leave the telephone rang again. It was Marion. "Such a nuisance, darling," Marion said. "I don't believe I'll be able to come after all. The infant's arrived back from school. They've an epidemic of scarlet fever, and they've sent all the non-sufferers home. I can't leave her in town alone."

Caroline thought impatiently. Of course, Marion's daughter. Caroline hadn't seen her for over a year. A thin, silent child with wild wheat-blond hair and freckles . . . all elbows and knees.

"Bring her along," she said carelessly. "If you don't mind sharing a room. She likes the country, doesn't she? I remember her as a sort of juvenile Tarzan's mate."

"All right," Marion's voice was grateful. "But she's a little more civilised now. We'll catch the six-

fteen. I can't possibly get away until then."

"We'll meet you at the station," said Caroline, and escaped to a taxi. Greig was already sitting in the white-and-blue room when she arrived home. She went forward, her heart lifting at the sight of him, as he rose to meet her. So tall and fair . . . so vital. Life seemed to go with a quicker lilt in his presence. He held both hands out for hers.

"Caroline. How marvellous you look!" he grinned. "I've scrambled through, but I think I've still some paint stains round my ears. You look as though work was an unknown quantity."

"It's going to be for the next two days," she smiled, and went to her cocktail cabinet to shake up a drink. "Phillip Denver's going to run us down. I don't think you know him. He's a great friend of mine."

"The Denver?" Greig asked, impressed. "No. I only know of him. He has a fine collection of paintings. I saw them at an exhibition some while ago."

Caroline handed him a cocktail in a glass of fine cut crystal. Phillip had given them to her for Christmas. The glass prompted her words.

"Everything Phillip owns is fine . . . he dislikes the mediocre." Greig said moodily. "I suppose that is why he admires you. I can't understand why he hasn't persuaded you to join his collection. After all, he's wealthy . . ."

A little thrill of pure joy stole over her. He was jealous.

"And very charming," she said lightly, dark eyes teasing him over the rim of her glass. "And he has tried to persuade me. But there's more to marriage than charm—and lovely possessions, don't you think, Greig?"

He looked up, transparent in his relief. "You're not going to marry him?" he demanded bluntly.

"No," she laughed, "what a baby you are, Greig."

He rose, his blue eyes eager, and there was a little tense moment as he came over, his fair, boyish head towering above her.

She thought, her heart beating wildly in her breast. "It's come . . . now, before I had expected. He's going to ask me to be his wife."

But before either could speak, her maid announced: "Mr. Denver, madame . . ." and Phillip came into the room.

The moment of nearness was lost in introductions. For one moment Caroline thought, panic-stricken, "Suppose it doesn't come again . . ." and then, quickly, "Of course, down at the cottage there will be a hundred moments like this . . ." And went to pour Phillip a drink.

They started almost as soon as he had finished it; and Phillip's long black roadster ate up the miles along the Bournemouth road. Caroline sat between the two men, who seemed to like each other.

It seemed but a brief time before they drew up at the cottage gate. Mrs. Baines, Caroline's housekeeper, came out to meet them. The cottage, whitewashed, thatched, dreamed amid its lawns and rosebeds and apple trees, promising comfort and rest.

THEY had tea on the lawn in the shade of the apple trees, and Greig, looking at the cottage, said gravely: "It's lovely—and all yours, Caroline?"

"All mine." Phillip glanced shrewdly between them, and rose unobtrusively to play with Caroline's two red setters, well out of hearing. A little shadow crossed Greig's face.

"It's a little frightening," he said. "You have so much. I didn't realise . . ."

"Greig—what possible difference . . ." she began, and stopped. That was the wrong way. Greig was touchy and proud. She said lightly, lying, for she had paid top price for the cottage which had been renovated and brought up to date when she bought it. "Besides, I bought it for a song. It was nearly a wreck when I found it."

Phillip, coming back to the table,

the setters leaping at his heels, had a little quail of pity for her. Proud Caroline humbling herself to lie. "Have you any idea of the time, you lotus-eaters? We ought to be meeting Marion's train. Shall I go along by myself?"

"That'd be sweet of you, Phillip," said Caroline eagerly. "It'd give me more time to change."

"Heavens!" said Greig. "You don't dress down here?" "The fortunate females insist," said Phillip laughingly. "They appear cool and blossomy while we curse even the softest collar. Well, I'll be off."

"Oh, by the way," called Caroline. "Marion's bringing the infant with her. She's home from school."

"Good," said Phillip, "I like children."

After a cooling bath, Caroline drew on the dress she had chosen—a dinner dress, long but informal, of a soft golden yellow. Usually, everything she wore was tailored and sleek and sophisticated, but this was a romantic dress. She looked at herself in the mirror, and wondered if for once she had made a mistake. Had she lost the soft, bloomy look that such a dress demanded? Caroline glanced through the window. Greig was on the lawn, his fair head still wet and sleek from his bath . . . very boyish and clean-collared, waiting for her. She went downstairs, and as she reached the seats under the trees Phillip's car drew up outside, and Marion and a girl with the soft beauty of a moonbeam came walking slowly through the garden and joined them.

Caroline stood motionless. Donna . . . freckled, lanky, painfully shy? Of course, she had had a year at finishing school . . . she must be eighteen. But could a year bring about this transformation? It wasn't just clothes—it was the shining youth of her! A butterfly free at last of its ugly cocoon. The wheat-blond hair, soft and silky as a baby's; the round young face, the clear eyes, shy; yet confident in her budding beauty, glancing up under thick black lashes. At that moment, Greig turned, and his eyes met Donna's. They stood looking at each other in the dappled shadow of the apple trees. Caroline felt something tighten cruelly round her heart.

The magic of the evening, of Greig's presence in her beloved home, vanished. She was all wrong. A capable woman of thirty-two in an unsuitable unromantic dress, with a flower in her hair.

SHE would have flown upstairs to change, but it was too late . . . With icy clearness she saw Marion's eyebrow lift slightly to her dress. Greig had scarcely moved. His eyes were on Donna's cool profile, and a little flush touched the girl's soft cheeks.

"When you told me," said Phillip when he arrived, "that Marion was bringing her infant, you might also have explained the infant was out of swaddling clothes."

"I really was a menace last time you saw me," said Donna shyly. "That awful day at the Savoy, Miss Graham! You looked so marvellous, and I looked so dreadful. I was wishing all the time that the floor would open and swallow me."

It was meant as a compliment, but unreasonably it edged Caroline's nerves. Phillip, sensitive to any atmosphere, his heart aching for Caroline, began to talk, and Greig started like a man suddenly awakened.

Caroline said crisply, "You'd better change—dinner is almost ready." She took them upstairs to their rooms. Marion was voluble, talking about her business and the rush of getting away.

"And then this child arrives, and wants her hair fixed at the very last moment," she said impatiently. "It's a wonder we didn't bring an electric dryer with us and do it in the train." "Is it all right?" Donna asked Caroline anxiously, as though appealing to an authority. "Mother insists that I shall look unsophisticated until I'm twenty. She says one has the whole of one's life to be severely elegant in. But I think it's a pity."

Caroline laughed a little bitterly, the remark was so typically Marion. "I know," she said, meeting Marion's eyes. "You don't like my dress."

Marion said dryly, "The dress is all right—it just isn't you." Donna looked from her mother to Caroline, and then at the dress. "I think it's adorable," she said.

Looking at her, wrapped in a pale, thin silk dressing-gown, her golden hair cloudy about her shoulders, Caroline thought coldly: "Adorable for you, but not for me . . ." She went down into the sitting-room where the men were waiting, some lingering stubbornness refusing to allow her to change the now humiliating dress or take the flower from her hair. It would be like surrendering her banners, she thought.

Phillip slipped a hand under her arm. "Let's go into the garden," he said. "Your night-scented stocks should be doing their stuff."

Please turn to page 33

## NO LONGER A "Winter Evening Widow"



### Daintiness wins every time!

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W.10.19

## "Swing" popular in 2GB session

Recently Robin Ordell, of 2GB, asked listeners to write in and tell him what they would like to hear during his Breakfast Session.

The many hundreds of letters received revealed a wide diversity of tastes. They included requests for "sweet swing," "hot swing," ballads, marches and waltzes.

AFTER a close study of the letters, 2GB has been able to present the type of music asked for, at the times which the listeners suggested were most suitable.

Not only the younger generation enjoy what is best described as "sweet swing" music, as opposed to "hot swing," which seems to appeal mainly to young people.

"Let us have Bing, more Bing, and still more Bing," wrote one young listener. "I am seventy-eight," wrote another listener, "but not too old to enjoy modern dance music."

Three vocalists whose names appeared frequently in the requests were Dick Todd, Bing Crosby, and Bonnie Baker.

As a result of these letters, 2GB will introduce a number of sessions given to "Sweet Swing" music. Robin Ordell will present a quarter-hour feature every Monday to Friday at 8 a.m., entitled "Notes to You."

That session will serve to whet the appetites of listeners for a full hour of swing music, which he will compeer every Saturday night at 8.30.

This new feature will be in the



ROBIN ORDELL, who presents two "sweet swing" sessions on 2GB: "Notes to You" and "Roll Back the Carpet."

form of two half-hours of music designed for dancing, and presented under the title of "Roll Back the Carpet."

There will be a break of fifteen minutes at 9 p.m. for the usual presentation of the B.B.C. News Bulletin.

Another "swing" session is programmed for 5 o'clock every Saturday evening. This half-hour feature will be presented by George Nichols.

For those who connect the name of John Dease with outstanding presentations of the Music of the Masters, there will be a half-hour broadcast every evening from Monday to Friday at 5 p.m. The housewife, in particular, will welcome the opportunity to relax to the inspiring melodies that have charmed the world for so many generations.



# Wonderful Woman

Continued from page 32

SHE felt his understanding sympathy, and resented it. But she went. She and Greig had nothing to say to each other. The garden in the pale afterglow was exquisite, and the stocks filled the air with their thick, soft perfume. Caroline couldn't see the evening's beauty, and if she had would have hated it. Everything seemed ugly. She felt trapped. Her mind repeated like a death sentence: "She's eighteen, he's twenty-six—I'm thirty-two . . . and then, defiantly: 'I don't care. I haven't lost yet. I'm going to fight.'"

Caroline brought every weapon of wit to her aid. She kept the conversation flowing, and the laughter, while Donna sat, smiling and still, listening, not attempting to enter into the brilliant banter that tossed like a balloon between Caroline, Phillip, and her mother.

A line of poetry ran through Greig's head as he watched her: "White rose in red rose garden . . . That's what she was, a white rose, white but warm and golden, and flawless. Seeing his glance, Caroline rose abruptly, catching Marion's eyes, and led the two women out to the lounge, leaving the men to their drinks.

In the lounge, after dinner, Caroline lit a cigarette and switched on the radio. As the men joined them Donna spoke, one of the few sentences she had said all evening: "It makes you want to dance."

"You can't dance to this music," said Caroline sharply.

"Why not? It's very dancy music." Gravely, with no affectation, like a serious child, she spread out her white skirts and began to move to the swinging music. As she moved past Greig his arm caught her thin girl's waist and they whirled together round the polished floor, once, twice, out through the french windows, out on to the paved terrace under the pine trees. Phillip and Marion moved away tactfully. But Caroline stood by the door watching them as they whirled to the music, oblivious to her, to everyone.

She switched the music off sharply, and the two flying figures came to an abrupt stop.

"The coffee will be cold," Caroline said sharply. "Will you have a liqueur, Phillip? I thought we might have some bridge . . ."

Caroline could not sleep. She lay restless and bitter.

"I'm not beaten yet," Caroline said desperately to herself. "We'll be back in town on Monday. I'll be important to him again. In another few weeks she'll be back at school."

A sound in the garden roused her: bare feet running, muffled laughter and words. She rose and went to the window and stood, watching, waiting. The minutes ticked away. Faintly, from where the shallow watersplash ran into a deep gravel pool at the end of the garden came splashing and laughter. She waited, and presently Donna came running through the moonlight, a nymph in her close-fitting white suit, wet-limbed, with shining hair; and then Greig, the light shining on his broad bare shoulders. She heard Donna's throaty little chuckle.

"That was fun. Shall we do it again to-morrow?"

"Rather!"

"I must dry my feet. I don't want to leave wet footmarks up those lovely stairs."

They stood, drying themselves, whispering. Then Greig bent his head and kissed her swiftly—and there was something spontaneously lovely in the eager lift of her head to his—her first kiss. Caroline heard Greig say huskily: "You're too lovely. Good night, my sweet," and Caroline stood, cold and motionless, listening to their footsteps creeping upwards to their rooms.

The rest of the week-end was sheer

torture. Caroline never knew how she managed to get through it without breaking down.

They'd planned to return in Phillip's car on Monday afternoon, but Greig transparently pleaded important work, and said he would go back by train with Donna and her mother early on Monday morning.

Phillip ran them to the station, and they left with polite and grateful thanks for the lovely week-end, really thanking Caroline for having brought them together.

When the car had disappeared taking them to the station she went through the garden to the deep pond, where each night Donna and Greig had met, where they had made a magic world of their own after the older people had gone to bed. She sat on one of the smooth sun-baked rocks, her eyes dry, her heart crushed by a fierce growth of resentment. Life, which had been so full, was empty, futile, useless. Phillip found her there.

"It might appear tactless of me to ask you to marry me now," he said gravely, "but we could go and find that Greek hillside together."

"I don't love you," she said dully, "once before you said you would never take second-best . . . neither will I."

"I said I wouldn't allow you to give me yourself from gratitude," he corrected gently. "But now . . . well, I've always found work or change the best antidote for bitterness . . ."

"No, Phillip," her eyes met his, bright, hard, fierce. "Life can't hurt me like this and get away with it. I'm going to hurt back."

Donna didn't go back to school. She and Greig announced their engagement almost immediately, and their wedding was planned for the New Year. At first Caroline saw Greig in the course of business . . . she continued to use his work for a while. Then slowly, week by week, she began to push him out, and did it deliberately.

And she talked. Not obviously, but everywhere, with infinite subtlety and skill, among the business people she knew, whenever Greig's name cropped up. He was, she said, becoming inconsistent—scrappy. He didn't take time or trouble.

When she heard Greig, who had been one of the coming commercial artists, was losing ground, a cold triumph seized her. She stopped telling him when he called, stopped giving him work altogether.

She knew that Greig had not saved money. Donna would have money of her own, enough for a dress allowance. But she knew that Greig was proud and independent, that he would have to have enough to keep Donna in comfort before they married.

She saw them about occasionally, and bowed and smiled with her usual charm, and then, for some time, she did not see them. She guessed rightly, and with certain satisfaction, that Greig could no longer afford to take Donna out to expensive places.

MARION rang her up. "What's the idea of crabling Greig's career, Carol? It's not like you to be spiteful."

"Greig? Why, I haven't seen him in weeks," she answered coolly. "How's the engagement? Running smoothly?"

"As smoothly as can be expected, considering the damage you've done. You know you're pushing their wedding further away."

"If Marion, don't be absurd. It's Greig himself. Frivol's only use the very best work, and at the moment Greig is practically the worst."

"If you should see me around," Marion said coldly, "don't bother to speak. You can't expect an irate mother to keep her temper all the time, and you're old enough not to behave like a spiteful child."

Before Caroline could think of a reply the receiver had clicked down. She sat back in a black wave of fury. It wasn't until she was making a list of guests for a dinner party a few days later that she realised she had lost one of her best friends.

Phillip called to see her. He'd met Greig and put some work in his way, but the boy was nervous and worried, not working well. He had heard the rumors that Caroline had started about the slackness and staleness of Greig's work.

They went out to dinner, and Phillip broached the subject.

"Carol, for your own sake, as well as theirs, you've got to be kind. When I met Greig at your place

in the summer he was sure of himself and his ability. Now he's lost confidence. I saw them at lunch to-day. The girl looked white and worried, desperately anxious for him. It's hurting her terribly, watching this destruction of his belief in himself."

"I know," she said coolly. "But you know the conventional sayings: Hell hath no fury . . . Revenge is sweet . . . Sooner or later he'll find there's more to love than eighteen years of prettiness. He'll find out that he can't do without me. Then he'll come back."

"If he does he'll be with hate in his heart," said Phillip quietly.

"Still, he'll come back," she said lightly. "Must we talk about it, Phillip? Tell me, where are you going in the spring—to your beloved Isles of Greece again?"

His face closed against her like the cover of a book shut down. She couldn't read what was behind it. She only knew that for the first time Phillip disapproved, or perhaps despised her, and it gave her a queer sense of loneliness and insecurity.

She did not see him again, not until the first week of the New Year, when Greig came to dinner again, and she thought it would be amusing



TINY BLACK velvet toque with an interesting crown made of the peacock-blue shell of a large crab. The velvet is gracefully draped around this crown and falls into a deep loop almost covering the hair at the back.

to ask Phillip too, to show him she had won.

She had met Greig in the street. Greig a trifle shabby, a little thinner, worried, with that shining blue and gold self-confidence a little blurred. She pretended to be delighted at seeing him again.

"Why," she said, "haven't you been to see me? Why haven't you brought me any work?"

"I've been," he said stiffly, "you're never in."

"Well, bring something to-morrow," she said, and her heart burned with triumph. He'd hate coming—but he'd come. And when he did she bought some drawings, with light condescension, critically, asked him to do some special work for her—asked him to dinner. His lips tightened, and his blue eyes were cold, but he accepted briefly. Casually she'd asked: "And how's Donna?"

"The engagement's off," he said.

She affected sympathy and surprise.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "she was too young to know her own mind?"

His eyes when he looked at her were like bits of blue ice.

"No," he said. "It is just that I couldn't possibly ask her to marry me without offering her some sort of comfort and security. And while I'm finding it, it's scarcely fair to keep her tied."

She had expected triumph, to humble his pride as he had humbled hers, to cast him away and stretch out a hand airily to take him back if she wished—but there was no triumph, only blank dismay.

She telephoned Phillip. She'd been too proud to ring him before, but now he should see her triumph. "Come to dinner, Phillip," she said, "Greig's coming. I'm using his work again."

"Is Donna coming?"

"No. Just the three of us. The engagement is off."

"Oh? Very well—I'll be there."

It was a curious dinner-party. The two men, and Caroline very elegant and charming in grey chiffon. They were sitting over their coffee when the telephone bell rang. It was for Greig. He answered it briefly and

came back, his face white and drawn, and asked for his coat.

Caroline rose. "Why, what is it, Greig?"

Greig looked at her then, full in the face, for the first time that evening, pure hatred in his blue eyes.

"It was Marion. I didn't tell you, but Donna is ill. She's been worrying—over me . . . because our marriage seemed further away instead of getting nearer. It's pneumonia. She's asking for me. I told you the engagement was broken. It isn't—it never will be. I merely thought that if I told you that, your jealousy and your vanity would be satisfied, and you'd take me back into your good books again, and stop your campaign of disparagement. Well, you can keep your work, and you can continue to disparage me. I'd rather starve than owe you anything now."

Phillip said quietly: "Steady on, old man," and turned and looked at Caroline. And suddenly the dreadful truth swept over her. She had been chasing dreams. She wasn't in love with Greig and never had been. It was Phillip . . . his patient love, his good opinion were what mattered, and she'd lost them . . . she saw herself reflected in his eyes, and feared and hated what she saw.

"Phillip," she said, brokenly . . . looking into those accusing eyes, pleading with him to give her another chance. He turned away and said quietly to Greig: "We'd better not waste time talking. I'll drive you to Marion's, Greig."

"Thanks."

Caroline snatched up a wrap. "Let me come . . ." she said desperately, "let me come, too."

They scarcely seemed to hear, or care whether she came or not. But they did not stop her. The car shot through the empty winter streets. Marion herself opened the door. She raised her eyebrows at the sight of Caroline, but made no comment. Her eyes met Greig's, her hand touched his shoulder.

"It's all right," she said quietly, "the change came just after I'd phoned . . . I tried to get you again, but you'd left. The doctor says she'll be all right."

"May I see her?" said Greig.

Marion said queerly. "Yes. But she wants to see Carol first. It's uncanny, but when she was very ill she seemed sure that Carol would come."

Carol followed her into the darkened bedroom, and stood looking down on the pale face on the pillow . . . The tears rose to her throat, choking and painful. What had she done? Nearly killed these two children . . . for if Donna had died assuredly Greig would have died in his heart.

DONNA'S lashes lifted wearily, and her voice, dry and hoarse, whispered: "It's all right now, Miss Graham. I only wanted to tell you not to feel too bad . . . if I died. You see, I love Greig, too. If I'd been you I'd have felt just the same. But I'm going to get better, so it doesn't matter."

Caroline could not speak. She just touched the fair head, and went out. As Greig went into the room she said to Marion: "Tell him, when he comes out, that he is the best artist we ever had. I won't be staying at Frivol's . . . but I'll tell my successor. He may not believe it, but I'm sorry, Marion."

To her surprise, Marion kissed her. "It's all right, my dear. The best of us behave like harpies at times."

Out in the street Caroline swayed, the world suddenly reeling about her. She found Phillip's hands, strong and firm, holding her. "I nearly killed her," she said slowly. "I nearly killed everything. Thank you for hating me to-night, Phillip . . . Thank you for bringing me out of that nightmare of hate."

"I did nothing."

"You loved me," she said, "even when I least deserved it. I didn't know how much it mattered until I saw it dying in your eyes. I've murdered everything worth while in my life."

"It's not the sort of love that can be murdered," he said gently, "it's remarkably tough, Carol. It's here waiting for you if you want it . . . as it always has been."

She turned with a little blinding groping movement to find the shelter of his arms.

High up the purple hills were capped with snow, but in the valleys and on the lower slopes the sun was hot. Round the corner of the honey-colored temple came a little ragged boy leading his flock of goats to the tune of a pipe, shrill and sweet. The boy's dark eyes rested upon Phillip and Caroline, stretched in the sun, with grave surprise.

Caroline smiled . . . she felt a little surprised herself . . . she'd nearly missed the way to happiness, and hadn't deserved it.

Phillip said: "I heard from Greig to-day. He's getting on splendidly with the fellow who took your place. The work's going well. Donna's by the sea somewhere, getting fat and well, he says. They'll be married when she comes back."

She stretched out her hand to him with a little adoring, appealing gesture, and he bent and kissed the finger with the plain gold wedding ring.

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## BACKACHE

De Witt's  
Pills

brought quick relief



Mrs. E. W. has a hopeful, encouraging message for all who suffer from backache and kidney trouble. She writes:

"I have suffered with a weak back. Sometimes I got it very badly—a continual pain that seemed to take all the energy and strength from me. Some six months ago I was recommended to try De Witt's Pills. I kept on with them, and I can assure you that not only has my backache gone, but my general health has been far better than ever it was before I took De Witt's Pills."

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Don't wait for backache to get you down! Take two De Witt's Pills to-night—you'll see results in the morning. As you persevere with this remedy the quick benefit you receive will become lasting freedom from pain. Not only will De Witt's Pills end your backache, but their tonic effect will make life really worth living.

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Approval No. 174.

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/12, and 6/-.

## CORNS

lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frosol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frosol-Ice—and wear new shoes—no dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice.



# A Man of Parts

Continued from page 6

THE captain did not obey; but Joe Brazeal grinned in calm defiance. "Sure I have," he said. "Why wouldn't I? Mary needs some love made to her by a man that knows how. Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't she?"

Uncle Willie looked at Cap'n Ned hopefully; and the skipper did come to his feet.

"You're signed for the voyage, Joe," he said. "I'm master aboard here, and you're mate. I can do as I'm a mind to, to you; and if you lay a hand on me back, I can gaul you for it, once we're ashore." And he said: "That don't give you a chance. So I'll wait till we're ashore, standing even, man to man. Then I'll tell you..." His calm tones tightened. "Then, by Hooker, I'll tell you you're a liar, and I'll beat it out of you."

Joe chuckled. "I can hardly wait,

old man," he said. "I'll go on deck and pile some sail on this old tramp. Always did hate to keep a lady waiting."

And thus matters rested aboard the Mary Harvey all that day, till at dusk the sudden gale capsize her and Joe Brazeal was caught in the cabin below.

The sky was black. Black Bork, the only negro aboard the Mary Harvey, had the wheel. They were on an inshore boat, a rocky island—Cat Island on the charts—close aboard. Black Bork watched the sky, and when his fears compelled him, he spoke to Joe Brazeal.

"Near time to come about," he said. He noticed that the mate looked sick, as though his dinner had set badly. "Plenty wind in that

cloud, and no time to shorten sail after she hits."

Joe Brazeal spoke curtly: "Be you the mate? Or am I? The more she blows, the quicker we'll come home. Let her blow."

Lucius Trees and Will Furnold, on deck forward, muttered doubtfully, watching the rising cloud; and Lucius came to Uncle Willie and urged him to call Cap'n Ned. "Let him have a look at things," he advised. "He'd shorten sail."

But Uncle Willie shook his angry head. If the skipper wished to play the cowardly fool, let him. So Lucius went down into the fore-castle and spoke to the men below. He went below and woke the sleepers there. They came on deck one by one; they ranged themselves ready, watching the sky, watching Joe Brazeal, waiting to leap into action at the word to shorten sail.

After a time Joe, pale and staggering, without explanation, crossed to the cabin companion and went below; and within three minutes afterwards the thing happened. The men on deck had felt no wind at all when the Mary Harvey's topsails caught it and she heeled. Far down she went, and with a hiss under her bows she slid ahead and gathered speed.

Cap'n Ned had, save for an hour at noon, stayed all that day in his cabin. He thought he could not meet the mate without violence—which must for the present be deferred. He was lying in his bunk, his arm across his eyes, neither asleep nor awake, when he felt the wind hit her.

He leaped for the door, and fought through. He scrambled up to the deck and stood erect, and the buffet of the wind knocked him to his hands and knees.

The schooner was already almost on her beam ends. No time, no time!

## The answer is—

- 1—"The Chocolate Soldier."
- 2—93,000,000 miles.
- 3—"The Lady of Shalott." (In Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott.")
- 4—Syria.
- 5—Molotov.
- 6—Plant it in the garden.

Questions on page 28

What could be done must be done quickly, recklessly, sacrificing a part to save the whole. The wind was howling like a wolf; black water came in a thrusting flood across the deck like a stampeding herd.

There was an axe in cleats by the galley. Cap'n Ned fought towards it. Cut throat and peak halcyons! Cut and ease her any way at all! Only thus could she be saved. No time to give commands. No chance in this roar of wind even to be heard. Cap'n Ned gripped the axe helve; he fought to climb the deck, now almost perpendicular.

Loose gear went cascading past him. A flying block struck him on the head; then the peace of oblivion enfolded him.

And the Mary Harvey, like a tired animal lying down, the shifting ballast growing in her hold, slowly capsized.

## W

HEN Cap'n Ned knew anything again, he knew that his head was a bursting ball of pain. Then he knew that he was cold, and there was water sloshing all about him, and the hard ribs of the long-boat under him. He raised his head above the gunwale, and driven snow sifted at him like knives. The boat lifted sickeningly. It poised, it pitched forward and came down hard on sand, and then hands were dragging at him, lifting him, hauling him free.

"All here, men?" Cap'n Ned asked. For a moment no one spoke; then Uncle Willie Glogg said: "All, only the mate." He made a spitting sound.

"Where is he?" Cap'n Ned demanded.

Black Bork said, teeth chattering: "He'd gone below two-three minutes before it hit us, Cap'n. He hadn't come up when she rolled over."

Cap'n Ned spoke in crisp, aston-

ished reproach: "You left him aboard?"

"She capsize," Lucius said, in careful explanation. "Naught else to do. He's gone, Cap'n Ned."

Uncle Willie muttered: "And blamed good riddance, too."

The skipper considered, reducing all this in his mind to a simplicity with which he could deal. They huddled on the sand, in a boulder's lee. Cap'n Ned said: "There'll be matches in the boat, in the keg, Dry. Someone rustle wood, start a fire. What's this land?"

Lucius answered him: "Cat Island. We wa'n't a quarter mile off the island when the blow hit us."

"The mate's in her," said Cap'n Ned, thinking aloud. "If she capsize, and him below, he just might be alive. There'd be some air in her still, if she's bottom up. We'll take the boat and go off and get him. The rest of you rustle wood and get a fire going. It'll need four at the oars, to get out to her." He stood up. "Who's coming along with me?"

## A

FTER a minute—no one answered—Lucius Trees said sullenly: "I'll fetch the matches." He went toward the boat on hands and knees.

"The wind's from us to her," Cap'n Ned reflected. "I can make it out to her alone if I have to. Guess I'll have to."

He followed Lucius toward the boat. Lucius, crawling back toward the boulder where they sheltered, met him half-way. "I got the keg," he reported. "Come back, Skipper."

"Get your fire going," said Cap'n Ned. He reached the boat. He set his hands to the heavy craft, and bent his back and heaved. She slid upon the sand. She floated free.

He waded out, stepped in, sat down. Then a man came beside him. Cap'n Ned looked up at this man.

"Coming, be ye, Uncle Willie?" he inquired.

The old man sighed. "Oh, aye," he said. "I'm as big a fool as you."

The Mary Harvey was no longer a live thing, graceful, sentient, beautiful and strong. Topside down she floated, her bottom out of water hung with weed. They brought the boat into what lee she made. Trailing gear gave them a hold to which to make fast; and Uncle Willie shouted angrily:

"He ain't here, Skipper! If he was alive he'd be hanging to her somehow. Ain't you satisfied?"

"He might be inside," Cap'n Ned insisted. "There's air in her to keep him alive. I'll cut a hole through the planks. You hold the boat alongside till I climb aboard."

"She'll sink and suck you down!"

"Then she'll sink and suck me down," Cap'n Ned scrambled out of the boat.

"What about him and Mary?" Uncle Willie bawled, but the gale tore his words to shreds. Maybe Cap'n Ned heard them; but if he heard he paid no heed.

THE footing was precarious, and the wind made axe work difficult. It was a long business. Cap'n Ned lost all count of time. His wet clothes froze in an icy armor that crackled as he toiled. Uncle Willie in the boat whipped his arms for life and warmth, while above him the axe clacked suddenly, monotonously on. Then, after a long time he saw Cap'n Ned, above him on the rounded bottom of the schooner, lie down prone, and about into the hole he had cut, and dip his head as though to listen. And then the skipper leaped to his feet and cried in a great voice: "Aye, Willie, he's there. He answered me!"

He worked with slow patience, not fury, now. After a long time, Joe Brazeal, who had thought himself a dead man, crawled out through the hole that Cap'n Ned had cut.

The great fire they built on Cat Island had been seen from the main, and by the time Cap'n Ned and Uncle Willie and the mate fought back to shore help was there. An hour later they were all dry and fed and warm, and soon asleep thereafter.

In the morning, the others were at breakfast when Cap'n Ned joined them, but he did not sit down. He stopped by Joe Brazeal, with money in his hand.

"Joe," he said, "you signed on for the voyage. Well, the voyage is ended. Here's your pay. Now Joe—just you step outside with me."

Joe Brazeal grinned. He stood up, inches taller, inches broader than the other man. He stuffed the money in his pocket. "Sure," he said confidently. "Why wouldn't I?"

The men, in a wary silence, followed them outside to watch; and an hour later on the train for home Joe had stayed behind—Uncle Willie sat down beside Cap'n Ned and sighed contentedly. And then he chuckled.

Cap'n Ned looked at his knuckles. They were well skinned, but they would heal. He did not speak; but Uncle Willie asked curiously:

"Only thing I can't see, if you was going to half-kill him, anyway, you went to a lot of trouble to get him ashore. I'd have left him there, if it was me." He chuckled again. "Guess Joe'd just about as soon you had."

The skipper said mildly: "What you're talking about is shore business. I aim to handle shore business on shore. At sea, my job was to get all my crew safe to land."

Uncle Willie nodded. "That's all right, but what about him and Mary?"

The captain said in a mild impatience: "For a man your age, Uncle Willie, you're a fool. Joe kissed her—once." He considered his knuckles. "But Mary come and told me all about it, before we sailed. I'd already signed Joe on; so I had to keep him for the voyage. She was kind of mad at me because I didn't handle him then. Same as you. But I guess now you'll both be satisfied."

"Told you, did she?" Uncle Willie echoed; and he nodded. "Might have known she would," he decided. He chuckled mirthfully. "But, say, that'll fret Aunt Sade no end!" Then he added contentedly: "Well, Cap'n Ned, I've always said you was a man of parts, and I guess you be."

(Copyright)

OH DEAR!  
WHY AREN'T  
WE CLEAN  
AND NICELY  
GROOMED?

TUT, TUT!  
WITH HANDS  
LIKE THAT HER  
FUTURE'S DOOMED!



WHEN PRETTY GWEN BECAME ENGAGED HER FUTURE IN-LAWS WERE OUTRAGED



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8-26-23

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Holds even a finger wave for days—yet never stiff or oily. Makes a "perm" last lots longer. Ask your chemist, hairdresser or store for VELMOL.





# The Homemaker

August 2, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

35

## Marmalade and Citrus Jelly

THERE'S something very satisfying about standing back and admiring a row of marmalade and jellies all made by yourself. Follow the recipes below carefully and you will have sparkling marmalade with fine suspended rinds, jellies clear as crystal and flavours that suit the simplest or most sophisticated palate.

HERE is a difference between marmalade and jam making.

Water must be added to marmalade because of the peel. This peel needs long, gentle cooking before the sugar is added, otherwise it will be tough.

Shred the rind finely; patent shredders are not expensive.

Marmalade takes longer than most jams, but the time can be reduced by standing in water overnight. Long boiling after the sugar is added darkens the color and produces a sticky instead of a light jelled result.

Jelly-bags should be of a good linen and scalded before the straining. Do not stir the pulp in the bag or a second straining will be necessary to clear the jelly.

For prize jellies loaf sugar is often used.

Bitter or sweet oranges can be used. For a good jelly or marmalade the fruit must be fresh and just ripe.

### THREE-IN-ONE MARMALADE

One grapefruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, sugar, water.

Wash fruit and slice oranges and lemons finely. Remove seeds and tie with half the rind of the grapefruit, the grapefruit pith, and pips in muslin. Slice remaining peeled rind of grapefruit very finely and cut up all pulp and add to orange and lemon. To each measure of pulp add 3 measures of water and stand overnight. Next day simmer until rind is tender. Allow to stand until quite cold or overnight. Remove muslin bag and to each cup of pulp add 1 cup of sugar and boil until it jells when tested.

### MANDARIN MARMALADE

Ten mandarins, 6 pints water, 2 lemons, sugar.

Wash and slice fruit very finely. Stand overnight in water and then boil until rind is tender and water well reduced. Stand until next day and then add 1 cup sugar to every cup of fruit. Boil gently until it jells when tested on a cold saucer, about 20 minutes.

### GRAPEFRUIT AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Three grapefruit, 3 lemons, 1lb. shredded or cubed pineapple, 5lb. sugar, 4 pints water.

Remove rind of grapefruit and lemons and shred finely. Squeeze and strain juice of fruit and place with rind and water in preserving-pan and stand overnight. Tie pith and pips in muslin and add. Boil gently until rind is tender. Remove muslin bag. Add sugar and pineapple and boil fairly quickly until syrup jells when tested on cold dish.



### ORANGE AND APPLE JELLY

Four oranges, 3lb. cooking apples, 3 1/2 pints water, sugar.

Wash apples and oranges and slice without coring or peeling. Add water and simmer very slowly for about 1 1/2 hours or until fruit is quite tender. Strain through jelly-bag, allowing to drip for several hours. Weigh juice and add an equal weight of sugar. Boil fairly quickly (about 10 minutes) until it jells when tested on cold saucer. Pot and cover immediately.

### RHUBARB AND LEMON JELLY

Three pounds rhubarb, 3 lemons, 1 1/2lb. apples, 3 pints water, sugar.

Wash and cut up rhubarb and slice apples without peeling or coring. Grate lemon rind and squeeze juice and chop up remainder. Put all together in pan with water and simmer gently until well reduced and ingredients are tender. Strain through a scalded jelly-bag. Add to juice its weight in sugar. Simmer about 10 minutes or until it jells when tested on a cold saucer.

### PEAR AND LEMON JELLY

Eight pounds pears, 6 pints water, 10 cloves, 1 inch stick cinnamon, 3 lemons, sugar.

Wash and cut up pears, without peeling or coring. Cover with the water immediately. Add cloves, cinnamon, lemon juice and rind of 2 lemons. Simmer very gently about 2 hours. If too much water boils away a little more may be added. Strain through a jelly-bag and leave to drip for several hours. Weigh extract and add same weight of sugar. Cook until jelly sets when tested on cold saucer.

### LEMON JELLY

Eight large lemons, 8 pints cold water, sugar.

Wash lemons well and peel thinly and shred finely. Remove pith from lemon and tie with pips in muslin. Cut up fleshy part. Place all together with water in preserving-pan and simmer until well reduced, about 1 1/2 hours. Strain through scalded jelly-bag, allowing to drip for several hours. Weigh juice and add an equal weight of sugar. Boil 10 to 20 minutes or until it jells when tested on cold dish. Pot and cover immediately.

### ORANGE CONSERVE

Four oranges, 4 lemons, 4lb. sugar, 5 pints water.

Wash oranges and slice to about 1in. thickness. Squeeze lemons and add juice to the fruit, shred lemon peel very finely. Tie orange and lemon pips and lemon pith in muslin. Add water and boil fruit, water, and pips for 1 1/2 hours. Remove pips. Add sugar. Simmer until mixture jells when tested on cold dish, about 10 minutes. Pot and seal at once.

### LEMON HONEY

Two cups parsley, 2 lemons, 3 pints water, 1 1/2lb. sugar.

Wash parsley; do not remove stalks. Slice lemons thinly and remove pips. Cover parsley and lemon

with water and boil gently until parsley is yellow and the liquid reduced to half its original quantity. Strain through scalded jelly-bag. Add sugar and boil until mixture jells lightly when tested on cold saucer.

THESE sparkling citrus marmalades and jellies are stored in glass jars which are attractive enough to be used on the meal table. Recipes for making citrus preserves given below.

**Straight from the Ministry of Inspiration**

16 delicious soups to inspire all manner of tempting, nourishing menus each soup a perfect example of the soup maker's art

16 Delicious Varieties Include  
Cream of Mushroom  
Cream of Celery  
Bean Soup with Ham

**HEINZ**  
Perfect SOUPS  
READY TO SERVE



# First prize for PARSNIP COFFEE . . .

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send it to this office.

Remember to give ingredients, method, and cooking time. If for an oven dish give approximate heat of oven.

## PARSNIP COFFEE

Cut parsnips into thin slices, or, better still, grate finely and bake in a slow oven till crisp and well browned. Then roll with bottle or grind in a coffee grinder till fine like coffee-grounds. Store in airtight jar.

Use 1 heaped dessertspoon of parsnip coffee to each cup of water. Bring coffee to boil, and serve.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. A. Tait, 11 George St., Blackburn, Vic.

## SHARP MUSHROOM STEAK

One pound round or rump steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 lb. mushrooms, 1 pint stock or water, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon tarragon vinegar, 2 tablespoons white breadcrumbs, paprika and salt.

Peel mushrooms, chop finely, add to breadcrumbs, minced onion, and season well. Cut steak into 2 in. squares, make a pocket with point of sharp knife and fill with mushroom seasoning. Secure with sharpened match or toothpick. Cover

THE week's best recipe in our exciting recipe competition—a contest open to all our readers. You, too, can enter simply by sending us your favorite recipe. Remember, cash prizes are awarded for all recipes published.

with seasoned flour, fry in hot fat. Pack in casserole dish and sprinkle with tarragon vinegar. Pour over stock or water and cook in moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) from 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with potato crisps and baked tomatoes sprinkled with grated cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Court, 6 Moana Flats, Curlewis St., Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

## BUTTERSCOTCH SPONGE

One cup brown sugar, 1/3rd cup butter, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Make caramel of sugar and butter by melting together. Then pour on milk which has been heated, stir well, pour mixture on to yolks of eggs (well beaten). Stir thoroughly and allow to cool. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and add to mixture when cool. When almost set, add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Set in mould and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wickins, 51 View St., Annandale, N.S.W.

## BOILED CARAMEL DUMPLINGS

Two tablespoons butter, 1½ cups brown sugar firmly packed, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder,

1/3rd cup sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1/8th teaspoon salt, dumpling dough, 1/8th teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sauce: Place butter, brown sugar, boiling water and salt in a saucepan. Boil gently while preparing dumpling dough.

Dumplings: Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar, salt. Cut in butter, add milk and vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Drop in rounding teaspoonfuls into boiling caramel sauce. Cover tightly. Boil gently over low heat for 20 minutes without once removing cover. Serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Spence, 143 Junction Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane.

## ORANGE MARMALADE CAKE

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs (save 1 yolk for filling), 1 teaspoon salt, grated rind 1 orange, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1½ cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 cup orange marmalade.

Blend butter, sugar, eggs, salt. Add rind. Sift flour with baking powder. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add marmalade

and nuts, stir well. Bake in two 8 in. layer pans in moderate oven.

Orange Filling: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup water, rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk.

Mix sugar, flour, cornflour, and salt. Add orange juice, water, and rind. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add beaten egg-yolk. Cook two minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and cool. Spread between cake layers.

To Decorate Top: Place a lace paper d'oyley wrong side up on top of cake. Sift on icing sugar till d'oyley is covered. Lift up carefully and a lacy design is the result.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Marie Mansour, P.O. Box 93, Moree, N.S.W.

## FAGGOT LOAVES

Eight ounces minced liver, 1 egg, 2oz. minced bacon, 2 onions, chopped, 3 slices bread, 2 large tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons flour, seasoning.

Beat egg with milk and flour to make batter. Add seasoning, liver, bacon, onions, and the bread, which has previously been soaked in milk. Mix thoroughly. Pour into greased loaf tin, stand in baking dish of boiling water, in oven, for 1 hour. May be eaten hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Garland, 812 Parramatta Rd., Lewisham, N.S.W.

## CHINESE OMELETTE

Half-pound rice, 5oz. shredded cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, salt and mustard to taste.

Boil rice until quite well cooked. Make sauce of butter, flour, and milk. Beat egg-yolks and add rice, sauce, seasonings, and cheese. Fold in well-beaten egg-whites. Bake in buttered shallow pan in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serves four.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Phillips, Calulu P.O., Gippsland, Vic.

## Snow-white sports cardigan

NEXT ROW: Cast off 14 sts., p to end. Continue to end of 35th row of yoke ptn., then begin at armhole edge to shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. 3 times on alternate rows. Rejoin wool to sts. left on st-holder, cast on 8 sts. for underwrap, and work this side to correspond with right, omitting buttonholes and reversing all shapings.

## SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 60 sts. and work 10 rows in k 2, p 2 rib, then change to No. 8 needles and continue in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th, 9th, 13th, and 17th rows, then work to end of 20th row over 68 sts. now on needle. Shape top by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next

Continued from page 24

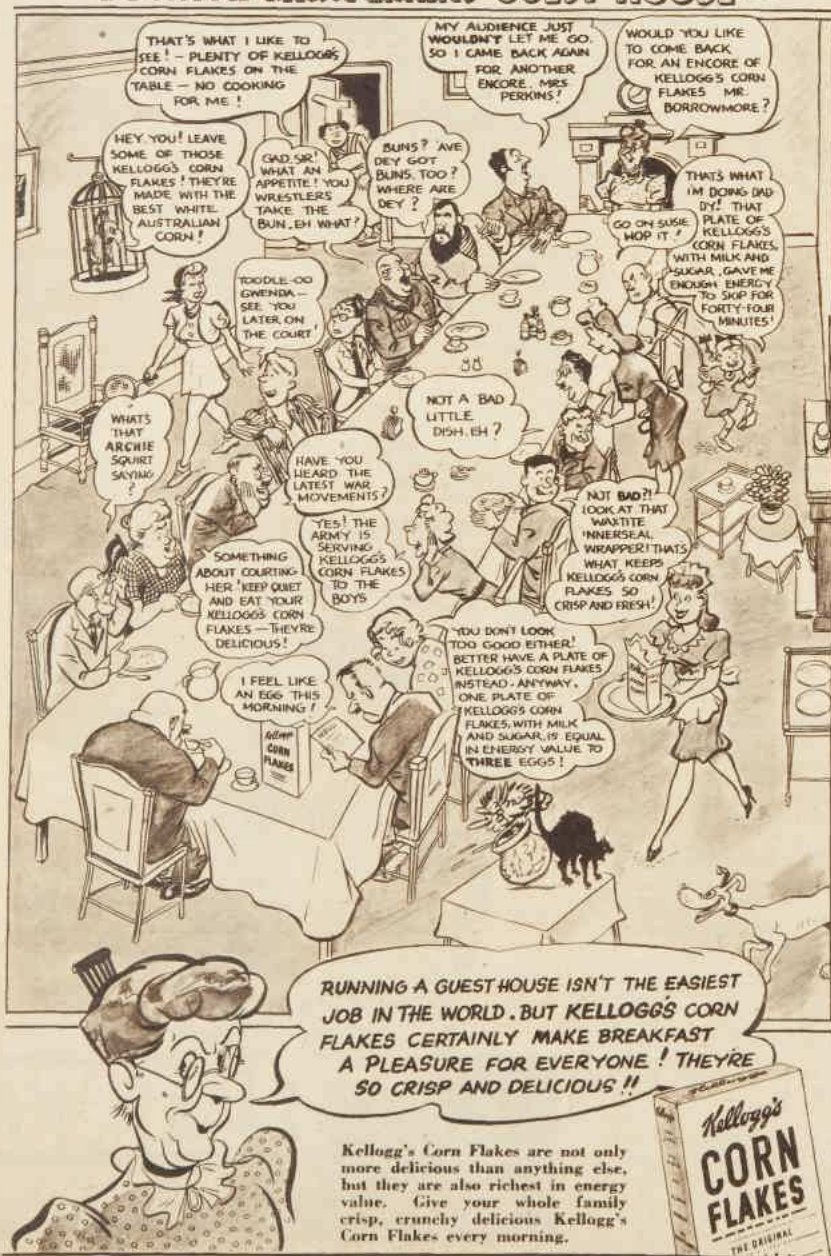
2 rows, then dec. at beg. of every row until there are 38 sts. Dec. at each end of next 8 rows; then cast off remaining sts.

## ALTERNATIVE LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 42 sts. and work 3 inches in k 2, p 2 rib, then change to No. 8 needles and continue in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row following until there are 68 sts. on needle. Continue without inc. until sleeve is 18 inches, or length required, then shape top as for short sleeve.

To Make Up: Press work lightly on wrong side. Sew up all seams.

## DOWN AT MRS. PERKINS' GUEST HOUSE —





## GRANDMA'S BEAUTY SECRETS . . .

THERE have always been lovely girls and grandma was no exception. Some of her beauty treatments—so simple they are overlooked these days—are still marvellously effective and worth trying if you have to keep within a budget.

By JANETTE

JUST because you've had to cut down your expenditure and can't get all the lovely cosmetics and creams you've been used to, there's no need to fly into a panic and think you'll have to be a plain Jane for the rest of the war.

So many good cosmetics are now made locally that you have just as wide a choice as ever before and at prices often much less than you paid for imported brands.

It's only a matter of finding the types of cosmetics to suit you and you'll be more than pleased with the make-up effects you can achieve.

But why not take a leaf from Grandma's beauty book? There were lovely girls in her day, too, you know—perhaps she was a beauty herself.

Some of grandma's simple beauty tricks are still as good to-day.

In grandma's day women had to



THIS LOVELY HAIR-DO is reminiscent of grandmother's day. The hair is swept up from temples and brushed forward in ringlets across the brow. Back is finished with deep finger-curls, while a fan-shaped ornament of point lace is set at top of head.



manage somehow without the luxuries and refinements of the scientific cosmetics that are available to you and me.

Let's look at her old-fashioned recipes for beauty and make good use of the best and simplest of them.

You need not, of course, go to the trouble of making your own elder-flower water or rose-water. It's simpler to buy these all ready prepared from the chemist.

But if you are keen to try your hand, see if your chemist can sell you a packet of dried elder flowers. Then make a solution by pouring a little boiling water on to them (a pint to two ounces) and letting it stand for twenty-four hours.

Then if you make a little pad of cotton-wool stitched up in a fine muslin bag for an eye-pad, you will have a lovely soothing treatment for your eyes by simply saturating the pad in the elder-flower solution and pressing it against your lids.

There are two excellent brightening washes you can make from herbs: one for fair hair and one for brown hair. For fair hair buy a packet of dried chamomile flowers and make a solution with some boiling water (one pint water to one ounce of flowers). Let it stand and then after your shampoo pour the strained water over your hair.

In the same way you can buy

henna leaves and make a rinse of these for brown hair. These simple herb rinses will give lovely gleaming brightness to your curls.

As a wash for greasy hair, the famous Mrs. Beeton recommends a little rosemary water mixed with a little borax.

Of course, grandma was very particular about her hands. In those days soft white hands were a sign that you didn't work and therefore must be very ladylike! Nowadays we are all prouder of working than not working, but we still like to have soft white hands.

One very simple mixture she used in those days, which is always obtainable from chemists, is glycerine and rose-water.

Mrs. Beeton recommends rubbing the hands all over with lemon juice if they are chapped, and to make them white a little borax in the washing water, or dry oatmeal rubbed on after washing.

For a hand mask to use at night she told grandma how to mix the white of egg with a pinch of powdered alum and spread it over the hands "before retiring." But, of course, Mrs. Beeton lived in the days when one could be lavish with eggs!

Grandma had her own face-packs, too; one that you can use yourself was made from oatmeal mixed to

THE OLD TRICK of massaging the hands with oil or cream and wearing gloves overnight was grandma's method of keeping her hands lovely. Dorothy Lamour, Paramount star, above, uses hand cream plus grandma's glove idea for her hands.

LEFT: Another idea from grandma's beauty book and recommended for oily hair. Place cotton-wool over your hairbrush as shown here, cover with gauze or silk, and brush your hair.

a paste with a little warm water, or a little fuller's earth.

Herbs come into the beauty picture again for days when grandma wanted a special sort of bath—pine for instance. You can buy refreshing preparations for baths made with pine needles from your chemist.

And, of course, you know about an ordinary mustard bath; a large tea-cupful in a bath is very invigorating.

Now what did the lovely ladies of old do for their faces? Of course they had no lipstick; that would have been shocking, and their powder was nothing like so fine and pure as ours. But they did learn that a small piece of chamois leather or the top of a white kid glove was a good way to apply powder.

### Used warm milk

AND just because their powder was inferior their skins had to be extra specially good. So grandma bathed hers in hot milk three nights a week.

This she prepared by simply heating, not boiling, a small quantity of milk and massaging it thoroughly into the skin, letting it dry on her face. It feels a little sticky, but it has a wonderful whitening and nourishing effect.

Then she used all sorts of simple face washes such as glycerine and lemon juice (half a lemon to half an ounce of glycerine); the elder-flower water I mentioned before as an eye balm; equal parts of the juice of a cucumber and boiling water, or simply glycerine and rose-water.

For washing she used soap, and as you can get much finer and purer soap than she ever had, there's no need to give you her laborious recipes for complexion soap.

But if her skin was too sensitive for soap she kept a tin of powdered oatmeal by her wash-basin and after wetting her face with warm water she'd damp a little oatmeal in each palm and rub it gently over her face.



The gay chattering of the crowd died away and they were alone at last. "You're so lovely," he said, "could I but have you all to myself for evermore!"

THE STORY THAT MADE SUSIE THINK:

"WHY COULDN'T THIS BE ME?"

IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES  
Rachel, Peach,  
Brunette, Suntan and  
Natural



AND IT COULD BE! Love like this is not reserved for fiction—it is the right of every girl. Women who find such happiness are not always the most beautiful—but those who know how to look fascinating and well-groomed, with a petal finish to their skin. For even a plain complexion takes on a satin-like smoothness with Erasmic Face Powder.

Beneath the spot-lights of the ballroom, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding you with an aura that seems a very part of your personal dearness.

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING AND COLD) 1/4 TUBE

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/4



# The Doctor Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, I volunteered for the Red Cross Blood Donor Service last week, but I was told I was unsuitable because I am anaemic. I know several other girls who have been told the same thing, and yet all of us imagined we were perfectly healthy. Is this anaemia common—or serious?

**DOCTOR:** We are just beginning to find out that mild anaemia is far too common in Australia, especially among young women.

It is not serious in the sense that it is likely to lead immediately to an acute illness. Taking a wider view, however, it is very serious. It means that a large number of our population, including the young and most active members, are working in a subnormal condition of health. This condition, although it may not be obvious at the time, leaves them weak to fight bodily infection, or to bear up at any unusual nervous or physical strain.

An average man has about six pints of blood, and is likely to die if he loses half of it. Our blood serves many functions. It carries food materials from the intestines

to the rest of the body. It carries water and waste products to the kidneys.

But its most urgent function is to carry gas, oxygen from the lungs to the muscles and other working organs and carbon-dioxide from the muscles to the lungs.

Ordinary fluids take up very little oxygen, so that they would be no good for the purpose.

Blood contains a special substance, haemoglobin, which combines with oxygen very easily, and gives it up easily as well.

With the help of haemoglobin a pint of blood can carry nearly as much oxygen as a pint of air.

Haemoglobin is a protein—similar to the protein of meat, eggs, cheese and other food-stuffs.

But, unlike most proteins, it contains iron. And although you have less than one-tenth of an ounce of iron in your whole body you may easily go short.

If you have too little haemoglobin, then you are anaemic. When you work, your muscles cannot get enough oxygen and you become weak and short of breath.

Just over forty years ago an Englishman named Haldane discovered a means of measuring the amount of haemoglobin in a drop of blood.

He found that women had less haemoglobin than men, with very

Rain,  
rain,  
go away

THE Diamond Quintuplets, like most children, hate rain to keep them from their outdoor games. Here, left to right, Cecile, Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, and Marie survey the prospects of possible sunshine through their nursery window.



## ABOUT ANAEMIA

few exceptions. For a long time doctors thought this was a natural peculiarity of women like their smaller average height.

But now we know that women, even in well-to-do classes, are chronically short of iron, and the majority of them would make more haemoglobin if they were given more iron in their diet.

Actually women need more iron in their food than men. But usually they get less.

Many foods contain iron, but some of the iron is in an indigestible form as, for instance, in meat.

The best-known sources of available iron in food are liver, oysters, parsley, haricot beans, peas, whole-

meal bread and eggs, oranges, and salad vegetables. Milk, though poor in iron itself, helps to make the iron in other foods digestible.

Anaemia is very often the result of a tea-and-biscuit or coffee-and-toast diet.

Most men will insist on their three square meals a day, but many women are content to "make do" (especially when on their own) with snacks here and there, usually of the tea-and-bread-and-butter type.

Sufficient to still the pangs of hunger, maybe—but not to supply an adequate amount of iron! As a result men's haemoglobin is, on the average, 20 per cent. higher than that of women!

Other things than iron are needed to make new blood, but a lack of iron is probably the most common cause of mild anaemia in Australia to-day.

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

### Pre-school development

THE most important (and until recently most neglected) period of a child's life is that between infancy and school-going age.

A leaflet on the subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request is made with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## « RESULTS OF AUTHENTIC NATIONAL SURVEY » CONDUCTED AMONG AUSTRALIAN DENTISTS

(Ask Your Chemist for the Facts)



**DENTISTS CHOOSE IPANA  
FOR PERSONAL USE  
3 TO 1 OVER ANY  
OTHER DENTIFRICE**

Follow the lead of these dentists!  
Start to-day using Ipana and massage  
... for firmer gums, brighter teeth,  
a lovelier smile.

GUARD AGAINST "PINK" ON YOUR TOOTH BRUSH  
... WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



**Mary:** "Say, what's this? 'Pink' on my tooth brush of all things!"

**Sam:** "Oh-oh! If you're a smart girl, Sis, you won't fool around for one minute with 'pink tooth brush'! Perhaps it doesn't mean you're in for serious trouble. But it's a warning just the same. You run along to the dentist this very morning. He'll set you straight."



**Dentist:** "Your brother is a wise young man, Mary. Your gums have become soft and weak. You see, to-day's creamy foods deny gums the exercise they need. So your gums as well as your teeth need regular care. It's daily gum massage for you!"

**Mary:** "Yes, doctor. From now on I'll use Ipana and massage. And I'll start right to-day!"

WHAT dentifrices do dentists use themselves? The facts, revealed by the National Survey conducted among Australian dentists show that there is one answer to this question—Ipana, the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums.

Here are the actual findings:

*Ipana is personally used by three times as many dentists as any other dentifrice ... paste or powder.*

Let this 3 to 1 preference for Ipana help you in selecting Ipana for yourself and your family. Why not get a tube to-day ... and begin now the daily use of Ipana and massage. Discover how much this sound and sensible habit helps you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more sparkling and brilliant smile.



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1 1/2 oz.—Super Size 2 1/2 oz.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS ... for a good display

WHEN the dahlia has finished painting the landscape in autumn, and most annuals are dead or dying, the chrysanthemum springs into prominence, and provides a gorgeous display.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AUSTRALIA with its mild climate has provided an ideal setting for this lovely flower, and only gardeners in the extremely warm areas fail to grow it to perfection.

One man who has done much towards the improvement of this splendid flower is Mr. F. S. Burns, of Auburn, a retired business man whose name has for many years figured as one of the champion chrysanthemum growers of the Commonwealth.

His beautiful garden contained thousands of seedlings this year, which he raised from his own seed, while his show beds were recently full of huge blooms of the greatest beauty.

During early August the basal growths made round last season's flowering stems will be ready for transplanting to fertile soil. If left to mature in big clumps they will be difficult to handle when in flower, and the fact that so many stems will need feeding will affect the quality of the blooms unless the soil is very rich.

Mr. Burns' methods, based on many years' experience, show that chrysanthemums like a firm, heavy soil. Most of his champions are growing on what was originally an old hard, shale tennis court.

He believes in giving the plants plenty of work, but at the same time does not starve them. He built up this unpromising soil with half old turf and half ordinary loam, and then added a few barrow-loads of burnt clay to make the soil friable. Some wood ash and crushed charcoal were also added to provide potash, lime, and sweet conditions.

In such a mixture, he said, the plants, if not over-watered, should

produce leaves of medium texture and not hard or harsh to the touch. Hard foliage is usually a sign that the plants have been overfed.

Mr. Burns gave up the use of liquid manure years ago for the reason that it made the plants too succulent and sappy, and thus they became liable to mildew and other fungus diseases.

Plants raised under these relatively hard conditions he said, meant healthier foliage and better flowers, but he emphasised that hard conditions did not mean allowing them to starve or thirst.

He prefers mulching of the top soil with a mixture of half-decayed horse manure and half good loam to dosing the plants with liquid manure.

Cow manure he has found causes black spot in the foliage because it holds the moisture too long and is far too tenacious.

To every wheelbarrow-load of old horse manure he adds a cupful of superphosphate, which he considers helps to balance the ration and provides the chrysanthemums with a form of lime they like.

Before he started growing chrysanthemums on this property he grew a crop of barley which was allowed to reach a height of 18 in. before being dug in. This he considers is an ideal green manure crop for mums.

When the basal growths are sturdy and big enough to handle, and each piece has developed sound roots, the clumps can be divided with a sharp knife and, if set out during early August, will rapidly become healthy plants.

They will flower profusely next autumn if afforded an open, sunny position. In every case the soil must be formed well round the rooted cuttings, for chrysanthemums do not like spongy or loose soil.

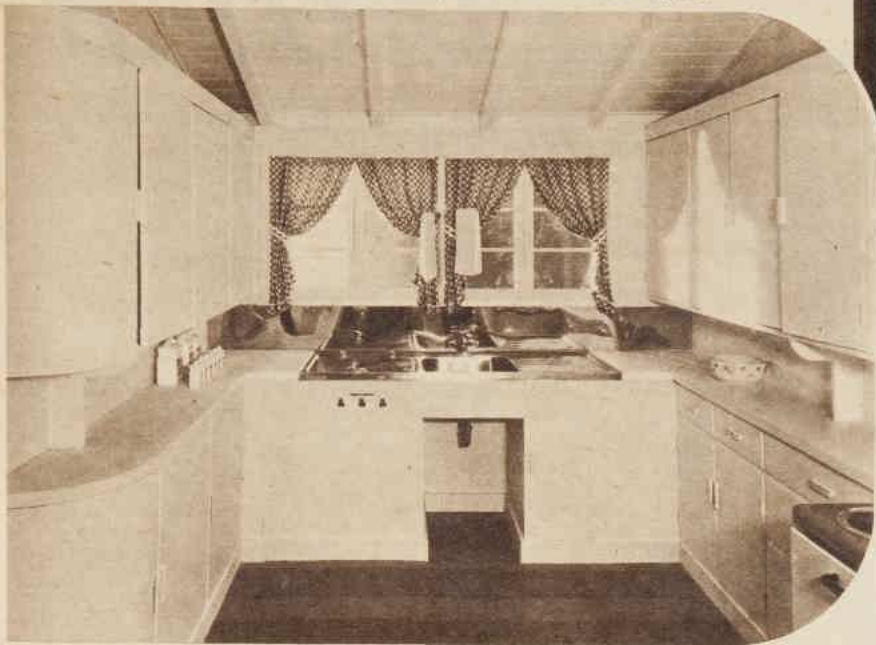
SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

2257



# ABOUT YOUR KITCHEN . . .

● It's easy enough to decide on a new color scheme for your kitchen but buying equipment—a new stove, a long-wanted refrigerator or cabinets—often presents problems. Below are some helpful hints on the subject.



KITCHEN with specially built recess for the stove, which is a large size with oven at the side. Notice how the corner space at the right has been utilised for holding various utensils and how polished frying-pans are hung in decorative style over the door.

By  
**OUR HOME  
DECORATOR**

KITCHEN with a maximum of built-in cupboards. Those on the floor finish at the right height to provide convenient working space. The sink is stainless steel. This kitchen is in the home of Alice Faye, Fox star.

**W**HEN you go to buy a new stove—should you get one with three, four or more burners?

The answer depends on the size of your family and upon how you cook. Three top burners are usually sufficient for a family of two or three. Four burners are generally needed for the family of four to six.

You can even use paper patterns when you buy a stove. You simply cut brown paper the size of the pots and pans you use and take these when you shop. Place them on the stove and see how they fit together.

This way you can be sure there's enough space between the burners of the stove before you buy it.

## Use paper patterns

**O**VENS also vary in size. Here again the safest way is to get out your baking dishes and cut out the space they require in brown paper.

There should be a little space between the dishes themselves and between dishes and the oven wall to give the best heat circulation.

Then you must decide whether you want a stove with the oven below the cooking top or one which has the oven at the side and higher. The type with oven below may not be so easy for you to use as the other type. On the other hand, remember that you don't have to look into ovens as often as you did in the old days, because most ovens now have heat regulators.

## Size to choose

**W**HEN it comes to a refrigerator the sort you should buy depends on the size of your family, how you cook, and how you market.

If you market every day you may not need a very large size. But if you do your buying, say, twice a week, then you must be sure you have sufficient storage space for perishables.

The most convenient position for a refrigerator is, as a rule, beside your working space. Here again a paper pattern will serve as a guide.

Obtain the dimensions of the refrigerator you have in mind, cut a paper pattern to fit. Make sure there is room for the door to swing wide open and that it opens on the most convenient side for you.

Choose a refrigerator with a smooth interior and no cracks or crevices. This makes for easy cleaning. The outside finish should also be smooth and easy to clean.

As to cupboards, the built-in type usually provide most storage space, but installation costs must be considered, especially if you do not intend to stay indefinitely in your present home. In that case the portable type of cabinet which you can take with you when you move is best for you.



ATTRACTIVE KITCHEN with plenty of window space and corner specially equipped for meals. The latter is provided with an upholstered built-in seat, while a china cupboard jutting into the room acts as a dividing wall and divides the working space from the dining side of the room.



THERE ARE QUIANT and unusual touches in this kitchen. In addition to the large recess for stove with convenient window for light at the back, and shelves at either side for holding condiments, there are such items as a little desk in one corner, with telephone and pigeon-holes for accounts and recipes, corner china cabinet, stable-type door, and, below the sink, a door with shutters for ventilation.



KITCHEN with specially built recess for the stove, which is a large size with oven at the side. Notice how the corner space at the right has been utilised for holding various utensils and how polished frying-pans are hung in decorative style over the door.

By  
**OUR HOME  
DECORATOR**

KITCHEN with a maximum of built-in cupboards. Those on the floor finish at the right height to provide convenient working space. The sink is stainless steel. This kitchen is in the home of Alice Faye, Fox star.

**DYNAMEL  
MAGIC!**



OLD TABLE  
**20 MINS. LATER**



**NEW TABLE  
with DYNAMEL!**

**AND IT COSTS  
ONLY A FEW  
PENCE!**

You can make that old kitchen table of yours look like new with Taubmans Dynamel—and it will cost you only a few pence! Your one tin of Dynamel does so many jobs that the cost of each is amazingly low. Dynamel is better than enamel. Goes twice as far. Dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. Anyone can do a good job with Taubmans Dynamel. Choose from thirty lovelier colours on the Dynamel Colour Card.

If you have any home decoration problems at all, then just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration, at 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.



# She has her **POWDER** *made to order*



Here's the one face powder that is really made to your orders! We went into thousands of Australian homes and asked thousands of women, just like yourself, this question. "If you could have your powder made to order, what features would you want most?" And this is what you said. "Give us a face powder that—**1.** Has the softest, finest texture possible. **2.** Really clings for hours and hours. **3.** Is glare-proof so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. **4.** And give us a really wide choice of skin tones." Six smart shades to choose from at your local chemist or store.



WIDE CHOICE  
OF SKIN TONES  
IT'S GLARE PROOF  
SOFTEST, FINEST  
TEXTURE OF ALL  
REALLY CLINGS  
FOR HOURS

## POND'S FACE POWDER

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF POND'S FAMOUS CREAMS

*new and  
improved*

and on her lips—

# Pond's "LIPS"

— that stays on much longer

Pond's "LIPS" is fatal to men. Pond's "LIPS" will break a man's heart clean in two . . . but never your own, because it stays on much longer. The last sip of coffee, the last dance, or the last kiss — will find your Pond's "LIPS" still glorious with irresistible colour.

Pond's "LIPS" stay as glamorous under the bright sunlight as electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its warm intriguing colour.

Six smart shades of Pond's Lipstick to choose from at all chemists and stores.

## Pond's Lipstick— *Stays on Longer*



Pond's  
LIPSTICK "A"  
LIPSTICK "B"

Make this test. Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm in any colour. Leave it for ten minutes. Wipe it off with tissue. Then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

